

Sports Illustrated

TOMMY McDONALD: PART II

AUGUST 3, 1964

30 CENTS

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Plenty more, too. Get yourself plenty of Rose's Lime Juice. And swing.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Harness racing is one of the sports whose explosive growth has paralleled the existence of this magazine. In a decade we have seen attendance rise from 10 million to more than 19 million, purses increase from \$18 to \$41 million and the pure-mutuel handle spiral from \$444.8 million to more than a billion dollars a year. Reading our report of the season's first classic race for 3-year-old trotters (see page 52), I was not surprised to note fresh evidence of that growing popularity: a purse of more than \$100,000 and an attendance on a midweek evening of nearly 30,000.

The setting for this week's story is the kind of big-city raceway that has accounted for the bulk of harness racing's gains. But the sport still survives in the less ostentatious surroundings that gave it birth, and the same horses will go on in September to trotting's premier event, The Hambletonian, in an entirely different atmosphere and one for which we have developed a special affection. The Hambletonian is raced at Du Quoin, Ill., at a place of rare pastoral beauty and in the traditional afternoon hours when the sun warms the hurses to their swiftest efforts. There have been moves to take The Hambletonian from Du Quoin to some commercial, big-city track. But if we have anything to say about it (and we will), that will not happen.

We also have a fondness for other traditional way stations on harness racing's Grand Circuit: Goshen, N.Y., where the thoroughgoing sportsmen E. Roland Harriman and Elbridge T. Gerry sustain a lovely meeting not far from the Orange County pasture in which trotting's great progenitor, Hambleton himself, was foaled; Delaware, Ohio, where the Little Brown Jug's whizzing brand of pacing speed is displayed; Lexington, Ky., where lofty elms shade the grounds of another famed trotting course, The Big Red Mile.

Harness racing is fortunate in having its Harrimans and Gerrys, standing fast for sporting principles and at the same time furnishing proof that trotting is not the hayseed sport erroneous legend has made it out to be. It was never all that bucolic, even in the low-pressure days before the raceways' vogue. Leland Stanford, for example, was the leading harness-horse breeder and patron of his time. Today such notables as Frances Dodge Van Lennep, Norman S. Woolworth, Lawrence Sheppard and Leonard Buck are, like Harriman and Gerry, committed to the sport's best interests.

Pat Ryan, the writer of our Futurity story, has been exposed to horses and horsemen since her earliest years but only recently did she discover in Grand Circuit harness racing "the easy atmosphere and long, lazy afternoons that have disappeared from flat racing for good." Pat is the daughter of Jim Ryan, a Galway man who came to America in the '20s and became our leading hunt-meeting trainer. There was consternation at the boarding school that Pat attended when she insisted on receiving *The Morning Telegraph* daily; it was delivered to her surreptitiously—in a plain brown wrapper, so to speak. She professes an intense dislike of riding—"After covering a field trial for SI on horseback last year it took three bottles of Absorbine to rub out the aches"—but loves watching horses as much as anyone.

Sports Illustrated

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PAT RYAN AND FUTURITY WINNER SIMPSON

SCORECARD

WINTER SPORTS NOTE

One of the problems that beset the National Football League every winter—aside from what to do with all that money—is that the championship game often is played under frosty, blizzard conditions that restrict the talents of players in a game designed for autumn weather no worse than brisk. But, naturally, fans of a winning team want to see the championship game in the home park, and that is the way it has been. Now it appears that sport's burgeoning masters, the big TV networks, who have already sickened boxing by overexposure, would like the season to continue through February. The proposal is being given surprisingly blind appraisal by the NFL.

"It's during these months that most of the nation is under snow, and people stay indoors," explains Pete Rozelle, NFL commissioner. "Television would have its greatest audience at this time." In the light of this TV interest, Rozelle is considering the desirability of determining the championship in a "best-of-three series."

"The first game could be played in a league city, as it is now," Rozelle says. "Then we could go south for the second, and, if necessary, third games."

There would be several obvious dangers in such a course. Dilution of interest in the home game, perhaps even the championship, would be a certainty. Injury to a key player in the home game, as has happened, would make the next two games scarcely a presentation of a contender at its best. And the players, who now rest for two weeks before the big game, and are keyed up for it, would be hard put to maintain a peak of desire over a three-game series, especially after a long and arduous season.

It may all be academic. Growing indications are that before too long the American Football League will have established among fans and players that the true pro football championship must be played out between the top teams of the two leagues. AFL and NFL player representatives already are holding

meetings to discuss problems common to players of both leagues. Not the least that may be expected of such meetings sooner or later is a players' push for a playoff game between the two leagues.

FATCHIT THE STRATEGIST

The reason Heavyweight Champion Cassius Clay went into training at Miami Beach a week ago Sunday is that he expects to fight Sonny Liston again in the next couple of months. Locale of the fight is undecided, but Los Angeles and New York are out because they cannot abide Liston. Miami is out, too, because it has already experienced a Clay-Liston fight. Louisville, Las Vegas and Baltimore were the first towns considered by the fighters and their backers.

Details of the fight contract were agreed to in Philadelphia at a meeting between Gordon Davidson, the lawyer for Clay's syndicate, and Jack Nilon, Liston's representative.

In preparation for the fight, Clay has taken up with a new companion, none other than Stepin Fetchit, the old movie star, now 62, who in May was a charity patient in Chicago's Cook County Hospital. Remembered for his molasses-slow speech, slumped shoulders and shuffling walk, Fetchit provides something of a contrast to the lightning foot speed and constant chatter of his new mentor.

"For my next fight," said Clay, "I've got some plans that will shock the world. Fetchit is one of my surprises. He helped with my strategy."

The suspicion is that Clay is helping Fetchit, who once said he earned \$2 million before declaring himself bankrupt in 1943. The money went for splendid Hollywood mansions, among other things.

"I had one mansion so big," drawled Fetchit, "that when it was 3 o'clock in the kitchen it was 5 o'clock in the living room."

SPARE THE ROD

This year's feature in 12 meters is *Constellation's* unadorned mast, an 82-foot tube with all the balyards running down its hollow interior. The sharply tapered

top third is made of titanium and bends like a whip to adjust the shape of the sail to the strength of the wind. It is a mere flagpole compared to the 175-foot mast of *Reliance* in 1903, but at the going price of titanium it would buy a Rolls-Royce. Last Friday a faulty clevis pin upset the delicate balance of *Constellation's* rigging, and the stick snapped. *Constellation* had but one elastic mast, so Sunday she borrowed one of the unlabeled variety and, 15 minutes after setting it in place, met *American Eagle*, the cocky bird that had gone undefeated in 15 races. *Constellation*, softly, carrying a stiff stick, beat her.

THRONEBERRY LOSES AGAIN

About the only promotion stunt the New York Yankees used to allow in their staid stadium was an annual two-winning Old Timers Game, played prior to a regular midseason Saturday game. The Yanks would select a theme and the players, and that was that. The fans were asked to come but had no say about the rosters of the two teams. It usually turned out to be as exciting as a rain-out against the Senators.

That is all changed this year. In their



continuing effort to beat the attendance-fat Mets (with girl ushers, special suburban nights, Yogi Berra as manager, etc.), the Yanks asked their fans to pick the players this year. For some Met supporters, who saw the ballots for a team of ex-Yankees and one of former Yankee opponents published on the sports pages, the temptation was too much; they de-

continued



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SCORECARD

cided to try to elect their own fallen hero and former Yank first baseman, Marx Thronberry, to the ex-Yankees' starting line-up. The American Committee for the Election of Marx Thronberry to the Yankee Old Timers Day team (ACT FOF MITTY ODT) — pronounced ac-fit-ee-off-mitty-odt) was formed under the leadership of a few New York-bred staffers of the *Harvard Lampoon*, and bullets were printed with Marx's name and that of his brother Tye (who played part-time outfield for Boston, Washington and Los Angeles) already inserted in the proper blanks. Despite all this Marx did not make it, he finished well back of the likes of Johnny Mize and Joe Collins. True Yankee fans elected a pair of teams boasting players young enough so that they can still begin playing the game and old enough to provide some nostalgia. They turned what has been baseball's most boring annual ritual into an interesting side-light for the real game with Baltimore on August 8.

OLD MOVIE PLOT

For the price, which was \$50, you could not expect too much in the way of a race-horse. But there was something about Escalibur 2nd that Al Cox liked. A young Chicagoan who is building a small stable, Cox bought the 8-year-old gelding and entered him four days later in a \$1,100, 5½-furlong claiming race at Cincinnati's River Downs racetrack.

You know what happened. Escalibur 2nd, going off at 19 to 1, romped home a winner by 1½ lengths and paid \$42.40, \$18.40 and \$8. Cox's share of the purse was \$690. In the daily double, Escalibur 2nd and the surprise winner in the first race—Why Lead, a filly making her maiden win—paid \$1,348.20, second largest in the history of Cincinnati Turf Club meetings at the track. Only 12 tickets had been sold on the winning double. You know who had one of them: Al Cox had one of them.

SENTIMENT IN MAUGH CHUNK

When Jim Thorpe, whose legendary athletic feats won him vast fame but no fortune, died in 1953 there were plans to honor his name forever. Because Thorpe had attended the Indian school at nearby Carlisle, residents of Maugh Chunk and East Maugh Chunk, Pa., voted to change the name of their towns to Jim Thorpe, Pa. They placed his body in a 20-ton pink marble mausoleum that

SHOPWALK

The tennis player who seeks equipment receives personal attention from Feron's

A tidy shop tucked into one corner of the Yale Club building in Manhattan carries nearly every imaginable piece of equipment for racket-games players, but its specialty is catering to the special needs, and possibly whims, of its tennis-playing customers. S. J. Feron's is not quite as venerable as the underhand serve in tennis (it was founded in 1919), but the shop has always taken pride in its ability to suit the implement to the player. "We take into account the player's experience, physique and hand size in outfitting him with a racket," says Jim Feron, son of the founder of the business. (S. J. Feron was the world's open squash tennis champion and at one time was the squash racquets and squash tennis professional at the Harvard Club in New York. Jim Feron has played all the racket games and personally tests each piece of equipment the shop carries.) "Most players, swinging a racket in a store, feel comfortable with a small-sized handle. Then, when they get on the court, they find the racket turns in their hand as they hit the ball. This makes for a bad stroke and can also cause blisters or callouses. We encourage the player to take the largest-size grip he feels comfortable with." Feron's can cut down the size of the grip or increase it on a racket the customer has already bought, if necessary.

The customer has 20 models to choose from among the 750 rackets in the shop, some coming from England, France, Australia and Italy. The most expensive racket is made by Babcock of Pawtucket, R.I., the oldest racket maker in the country. It is strung with the highest-priced gut and costs

continued



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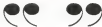
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SHOPWALK continued

\$40. Feron's self designed a tennis racket—the Feron Power Bat—which comes in two models: the Imperial, with a square pallet (or throat), designed for a player who backs the ball hard; and the Regular, with a beveled pallet. This racket has a more flexible frame, for the player who relies primarily on ball control and "touch" shots. Each model, unstrung, costs \$20.

Customers have a choice of eight types of stringing—nylon, lamb or sheep gut. The least expensive is nylon Protected (\$6.50) and the most expensive is sheep gut, which costs \$14.50. Nylon is more moisture-resistant than gut, but if a player is serious about his game, Feron recommends gut, which gives the player a better "feel" of the ball when he hits it.

Stringing is done to the customer's specifications—from very tight to relatively loose. The job itself takes about 45 minutes. But because of the demand for this service, it is best to give the shop about two or three days for the work. As a further service, the shop keeps a record of the racket preferences of customers in a file on the selling floor, so that a favorite racket can be quickly duplicated.

A most impressive gift for a tennis player is the Feron gift package. This consists of an empty frame and coiled strings, all wrapped in cellophane (shown on preceding page). Aware of the difficulty one person has in choosing the proper racket for another, Mr. Feron invites the recipient of the gift to come to the shop and exchange the racket for one of the same price, to make sure balance, weight and grip are suitable. The shop strings the racket to the recipient's specifications, using the strings in the package, without charge.

Other items of tennis equipment at Feron's range from the sizable to the minuscule: tennis nets, sweat bands for the head, sweatless for the wrist, tennis gloves with terrycloth backing faced with washable chamois, resin for the hands, wrist exercisers and various types of tennis balls—red ones, yellow ones and conventional white ones—heavy-duty balls for asphalt and cement, bouncy ones for grass and Swedish-made Tretorns. The latter is a best-selling item. Feron has found that Tretorns, which come four to a package, outlast others from the standpoint of durability of rubber and cover. Unlike conventional tennis balls, they are not pressurized and can be punctured with a pin without losing their liveliness. When soled, they can be tossed inside a washing machine and cleaned. Their resiliency, according to Feron, is not affected. The Swedish company also manufactures a Tretorn Trainer, costing \$10.95 at Feron's. This consists of a tennis ball attached to an elastic band, which is in turn affixed to a short pole and stanchion. The elastic returns the ball to the player every time he hits it.

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POINT OF FACT

A quiz on chess and chess players to test memories and add to the knowledge of students of the game

1. Who is the present U.S. Open chess champion?

• William Lombardy of New York, who is also the U.S. Speed champion

2. Where will the U.S. Open Chess championship be held this year?

• In Boston from August 16 to 29.

3. Who was the youngest player to win the U.S. Open championship?

• Robert Fischer of Brooklyn, at the age of 14

4. Who is the current world's chess champion?

• Tigran Petrosian of the U.S.S.R.

5. Has any American ever won the world's chess championship?

• Yes. Paul Morphy of New Orleans held the title from 1858 to 1862.

6. Who finished highest among the women competitors in the 1963 U.S. Open?

• Kate Sillars of Wilmette, Ill.

7. Who is the current women's world champion?

• Nona Gaprindashvili of the U.S.S.R.

8. Against whom was Robert Fischer's "Game of the Century" played in 1956?

• In the Third Lessing J. Rosenwald Trophy Tournament, Fischer, with Black, checkmated Donald Byrne in 41 moves.

9. What college holds the U.S. intercollegiate championship?

• Brooklyn College.

10. Who is the U.S. Amateur champion?

• Kenneth Chayton of Washington, D.C.

11. Who among the world champions has held the title the longest?

• Wilhelm Steinitz of Vienna, Austria held the title for 27 years.

12. What record was set by Robert Fischer in winning the 1964 U.S. championship in New York City?

• He won the tournament by a score of 11-0—no losses and no draws.

—REN LARONER

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cost \$15,000. Bert Bell, then National Football League commissioner, started a foundation to build a museum and a heart-and-cancer hospital in Jim's name. As Jim's body was taken to its final resting place, children lined the streets, veterans posted an honor guard, athletic coaches were pallbearers, church bells pealed and all industry paused.

It was not just for sweet sentiment's sake. It was hoped that the Mauch Chunks, suffering a depression common to Pennsylvania coal towns, would become a national shrine and attract both tourists and industry.

Bert Bell died in 1959 and with him the foundation, the museum and the hospital. The mausoleum is situated off a steep, narrow road, without parking facilities, nor even a notice that the great Thorpe is buried near by. Neither tourists nor industry have been attracted.

There is a move afoot now to combine the two towns under the original name of Mauch Chunk.

"All we got was a dead Indian," said John H. Otto, leader of the movement.

Well, the old name is, after all, an Indian name, and as such a certain sentimentally attaches to it. If Mauch Chunk, plain or fast, is nothing much else, it is certainly sentimental. Jim Thorpe would tell you that.

FOND FAREWELL

It was a testimonial dinner. The honored guest was presented with a horse whose age—between 45 and dog meat—showed clearly in the yellow spotlight. He was given a whiteall tire without tread but with two huge blow-out holes. He was given a 1952 automobile in need of paint and major surgery, along with a driving certificate from the Miami Beach Police Department in recognition of his driving accuracy: he once hit four out of five parked cars. He was depicted in a series of testimonials—including an especially loud one on film from Cassius Clay—as a rake, a hum, an v.o.h., and a loser at every parimutuel track in town.

Thus did Miami and Miami Beach say farewell to Clive (Scrooge) Moshier, the sportscaster everyone loves to hate (SI, July 16, 1963). The occasion was an

"I Hate Moshier" dinner at the Miami Springs Villas to celebrate his departure from Miami to become a sports director for New York's WOR, where he will have a nightly show, telecast New York Jets exhibition games and broadcast West Point football. He has promised,

with hand on heart and wallet, that he will faithfully continue to be as feebly-ingly obnoxious as ever, thus making enemies and influencing people.

As Moshier roared on the dais, he took notes in preparation for his moment of retaliation. Finally, he was introduced, and as he made his way to the microphone all 500 in the room got up and walked out.

CLEANLINESS CLEANS UP

The squinty eyeballs of racing form readers popped recently when *The Morning Telegraph* reported that the two racetracks with the greatest percentage increases in attendance and handle were none other than Green Mountain Park in Pownal, Vt. (pop. 1,600) and Memorial Park, Brush, Colo. (pop. 2,400). Green Mountain's average daily attendance was up 85% over last year, its handle up 77%. Memorial Park attendance was up 76%, handle 128%.

Green Mountain's success is attributed to night Thoroughbred racing, a friendly management, scenic surroundings and an immaculate plant where losing tickets, thick as autumn leaves, are swept up rapidly. Memorial Park has been offering better purses for better horses, gives away baskets of groceries between races and has sportingly delayed its own races so that the fans could watch the Kentucky Derby and Preakness on TV.

But Memorial Park, too, is scrupulously neat, and that seems to be the common denominator for the success of the two tracks. It has been a secret long known to tracks like Santa Anita, Saratoga and the old Belmont that their patrons enjoy the sport best in pleasant surroundings. Now the secret is out for all to take advantage of, and we hope everyone does.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Jackson, Kansas City blunder: "People ask me how I kept in shape in the off season. I was in college at East Texas State studying semimicro qualitative analysis, biochemistry, differential calculus and a comprehensive course in advanced inorganic chemistry."

• Bob Hayes, sprinter, on the assist a University of Miami football player gave him in tying the world record for the 100-yard dash: "That big fellow was standing right near the start with this snake around his neck. All the time I was running I kept thinking about that snake. Maybe that's why I was able to do 9.2."

END



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RAVES FOR THE YOUNG

Eighteen-year-old Garry Lindgren and a covey of teen-age girls were all the inspiration needed as the U.S. crushed a game but aging Russian track and field team in the sixth annual dual meet by JOHN UNDERWOOD

For 14 laps the schoolboy with the ears that stick straight out had been straight-out persistent. He snuggled close behind the two fleeing Russians, apparently carried along by the vacuum created in their wake. He could not see over the shoulders of the bigger men—he is a little kid who could not see over the shoulders of a German Shepherd unless it were lying down—and he seemed to sniff his way along, his head tilted up and to the right so that his nose caught the light breeze. His skinny arms snapped off tight, childlike uppercuts as he ran. Those nearest the track could see his face was flushed. He presented an altogether unprepossessing picture. Any moment he must, he surely will, weaken and fall back. The 10,000-meter run is for Russians, like collective farms and Politburo grabs, and no respectable Russian man is going to lose to an 18-year-old-kid American.

But on the 15th lap—and with another 10 to go—Sam Bell, the American coach, warned the kid from the edge of the track that the No. 1 Russian, Leonid Ivanov, had moved 20 yards ahead of the No. 2 Russian, Nikolai Dutov. "If you can do it, Gerry, do it now," shouted Bell.

At that urging, the mysterious ingredient that allows Garry Lindgren to run long distances with a tenacity most boys his age reserve for securing the car keys moved inside him. "Heart," said Mike Larrabee, who had won the previous event, the 400 meters, and was watching. "That kid has more heart than any two athletes I know." Quickly Lindgren

was past Dutov and on his way to catch Ivanov. On the stretch side of the Los Angeles Coliseum he passed Ivanov at such speed as to startle the Russian. The 50,000 people in the huge stadium were up now, lending voice to the possibility of the most upsetting upset—for the Russians—since the track and field meets between the nations began six years ago.

Abruptly, Lindgren tired. You could not see it in his stride, which is a deceitful mechanism anyway, but he could feel it. He had sprinted the take-over lap in 63 seconds; the sprint exhausted him. The next lap, he said, was the most trying of the race. "I even looked back once to see if I was losing it, and I've never done that before. I didn't think I would make it. I felt bad because the crowd was wonderful, and I was afraid I was going to disappoint everybody."

But now it was the crowd that persisted. Cheers poured over him like sustaining fluid, and he sailed through the finishing laps: nine, eight, seven—his lead was up to 30 yards, then 40, and it was becoming clear that it was no longer Ivanov, the terrible Russian, but Ivanov, the beaten one. Lindgren, 118 pounds of self-effacement, whose only apparent illusion is that he thinks he is getting bigger, said he never dreamed of such a victory, that he had hoped for third and thought second would be a splendid bonus, that he really belonged in the 5,000-meter race anyway and that with three laps to go he was still scared to death he might lose it. By then he was 60 yards ahead of Ivanov and 100 yards ahead of Dutov, who early in the race

had been struck in the thigh by an errant discus. Lindgren lapped his teammate, John Gutknecht, and beat Ivanov by the length of the Coliseum football field, the first American to win the 10,000 meters since the series began. "I thought he might," said Coach Bell smugly.

Lindgren's victory was not meaningful in minutes and seconds. His time (29:17.6) was good but, like many another performance during the two-day meet, would not win an Olympic medal in Tokyo against the formidable opposition expected from Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Great Britain and other track-rich nations. On another day it would probably not beat Ivanov. It was not the statistical monument, on that first day of U.S.-U.S.S.R. competition last weekend, that Shostupster Dallas Long's 67-foot 10-inch world record was. Nor was it as impressive, perhaps, as Fred Hansen's 17-foot 4-inch world record pole vault at the end of the afternoon.

The significance of Lindgren's victory was that it represented the first major breakthrough in events that have come to be considered the special province of one country or the other, an inescapable share-the-spoils system that has made these dual meets, like Shakespeare, dramatic but predictable. Historically, Americans sweep the sprints through 1,500 meters, win the relays, the discus, broad jump, shotput and one of the hurdles. Russians win the long runs, the walks, the steeplechase, triple jump and high jump. Prior to this year's meet, 16 of the 22 men's events

continued

Spurred by ecstatic Los Angeles crowd, wispy Lindgren runs through hype to become first American ever to beat a Russian at 10,000 meters.



were won by the same country every year.

There was also an almost immediate U.S. breakthrough in women's competition—and again by teen-agers. The American women, humiliated in Moscow last year when they were accused of doing more running around than running, accumulated their highest point total in the six losing years, 48 to Russia's 59, and it began when Eleanor Montgomery, 18, of Cleveland and Terrebonne Brown, 17, of Los Angeles, finished one-two in the high jump. At the end of the first day, the U.S. women—girls—lead 27-25 and practically assured the U.S. an overall point total that the Russians can appreciate but we cannot, because we have always held that the meets are scored separately, "by original agreement." Naturally, when Russian officials totaled up both men's and women's scores in the past, they compensated for their annual failure in the men's competition by not recognizing original agreements.

Older and slower

So, then, have the Russians slipped? Not necessarily, but they have certainly aged. While the U.S. team was a mixture, as always, of old and new, the Russian team was made up basically of the same people who have competed against us five times before. Russian men at Los Angeles were older by 1.6 years per man than their American counterparts. The Russian women will be mortified: they were 6.5 years senior to each American competitor. There were 11 teen-agers on the American teams—strength for tomorrow. The Russians entered no teen-agers. There were 17 Russians age 30 or more—only five Americans. An obvious explanation, of course, is that Russian amateur athletes last longer, because in the Soviet Union it is profitable to stay in the game, whatever the game might be. Nevertheless, the old hands are not as steady and feet not as swift as they used to be. "I would rather be fastest than cutest," Galina Popova answered a newspaperman's appraisal of her pigtiled good looks before the meet. She then went out and finished third to America's Edith McGuire, 20 (who next day won the 200 meters), and Wyoming Tyus, 19, in the 100-meter dash, which she had won in Moscow. When you are 32, as is Galina, you must sometimes settle for cutest.

"Maybe we are getting old," said Rus-

sian Coach Gabriel (Gabe) Korobkov after the first day. Korobkov, a blond bear of a man who began the Soviet sports revolution with his staff of 20 national coaches and a free hand in 1953, was going to retire to a job with the Scientific Institute of (sports) Research after the Olympics, but now he is not so sure. "They may ask me to stay on for one more year," he said, "and if they ask me I must."

It is a continuing burden on the Soviets that they have not developed a winning sprinter. "It takes time," says Korobkov, and it was evident at the Coliseum that the time it takes is more time. With both Bob Hayes and Bernie Rivers scratched because of injury, the U.S. substituted Henry Carr and John Moon and still finished one-two in the 100 meters. The sweet-stirring Carr returned the next day to win the 200 meters and broke up the 1,600-meter relay race with a stinging 45.8-second leg.

"Tomorrow," said Korobkov on Saturday, cutting short a public interview, "will be our day." The Sunday schedule was tailored for a Russian dressing, 5,000 meters, triple jump, steeplechase, javelin—Soviet victories almost without exception in the past. Privately, Korobkov seemed just as confident. "Watch the 5,000 meters," he said. "It will be most interesting."

The 5,000 meters was indeed most interesting, and so was the steeplechase and the triple jump, and when Russia's day was over Russia's downfall was complete. The breakthrough had been made: where the youthful Lindgren had led, George Young, Ira Davis and Bob Schul surely followed.

"There are no upsets in distance running, just hard work," said George Young after leading Jeff Fishback in a one-two sweep of the 3,000-meter steeplechase that would have been considered unbelievable only a short time ago. Young is a slight 145-pound school-teacher from Silver City, N.Mex. who has been running for years. Sunday he showed he knew how to hold his pose as Fishback forced the pace and the Russians crashed over the water hazards like performing seals who were not performing very well.

The times, typically for the meet, were not exciting, but neither was Russia's Eduard Osipov. He was an unspectacular third. "We are two months ahead of the Russians now," said Young. "We

will be two months ahead in October."

Davis, the happy-faced 27-year-old Philadelphia insurance man who has been trying to master the triple jump for 10 years ("It is very tough to master"), had not beaten the Russians in two previous meets. He did it this time with an American record of 53 feet 11 inches, almost a foot better than the Russian, Vitold Kreeer.

The Russian pair ran the 5,000 meters as if they had not heard of Bob Schul or else did not believe in him. They ran the race slowly, deliberately, in fact, and that is a practical insult to Schul, who covets his ability to outstrip anything nonautomotive in the final 400 meters. When he began his sprint, teammate Bill Dellinger tagged along, but the Russians, straining, were unable to keep up. The two Americans could have played a hand of poker waiting for the Russians at the finish line.

With that race the American men accomplished a piece of capital gain to pop the eye of any Socialist west of Petrograd: they had won every running event in the meet and had swept 10 events. The 139 total points represented 32 more than the previous high and 20 more than they had scored in Moscow last year. And in the combined totals, which the Americans are now only too pleased to recognize, the U.S. had won by a thumping 31 points, 187 to 156.

The nice Red things

There were certain pleasurable moments for the Russians. Ralph Boston finally lost in the broad jump, not to old rival Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who was home in Moscow with a sore ankle, but to Leonid Barkovski. In his eagerness to set a record—and perhaps because of his lack of serious concern for Barkovski—Boston twice fouled by an inch in jumps of 27 feet. Barkovski won by a quarter of an inch at 26 feet 4½.

There was also a one-two Russian sweep in the hammer when 1956 Olympic Champion Harold Connolly showed up slightly off form. And the 19-year-old Texas giant, Randy Matson, allowed Russian Viktor Lipnits to slip past him for second place behind Dallas Long in the shotput.

But it had not been a good Russian showing. "They looked flat," said American Coach Bell. "Maybe they're . . ." he let it hang. Korobkov said he had his own Russian championships to worry

about, and there were the Olympics, and he just was not getting much sleep. The team had not, either, in its whirlwind week of Los Angeles enjoyments.

There were Disneyland, Marineland, the M-G-M studios to see; the expressways to travel ("faster," the Russians yelled at 65 mph). At Birkkrant Hall on the USC campus, where the teams were housed, there was button swapping, record swapping (*Twister the World Around* was a Muscovite favorite), storytelling (the Russians spoke English with the athletes and played dumb with the press), and great gobs of strawberry rainbow parfait.

The camaraderie was intense. Team Captain Boston twisted television dials to keep the Russians abreast of the latest installments of *Mighty Mouse* and *Little Alvin*. Bob Hayes, the sidelined sprinter, was entertained by a Russian friend who "kept climbing into the trees, swinging like a monkey. Funny, man." It was hard for a fellow to pick his enemies. "I can't get any butterflies for this meet," complained Hurdler Hayes Jones. "It just don't mean nothing to me. I get more excited against our own guys." (One of his own guys, Blaine Lindgren, got excited enough to beat Jones that afternoon.)

Nevertheless, there were 106,440 in the Coliseum for the two days (Meet Director Glenn Davis expected 175,000) and, lest the fans fall into the same trap as the athletes, there were political pamphleteers at every gate. There was, however, a subtler, more insidious trap lying in wait for any American who exulted too raucously over the weekend triumph: complacency. If the victory was complete, it was won at the expense of only one country, a country moreover that may itself have become too complacent in matters of track and field. The competition this October in the Olympics will be far stiffer than it was in Los Angeles, and U.S. performances in many events will have to improve dramatically if American athletes are to stuff baskets full of gold, silver and bronze medals in the manner of the earlier, less contentious Olympic Games.

As he left the Coliseum, Korobkov was heard to say the beating "has been good for us." It was better for us, but only Tokyo can tell how much better.

On the next page, e look at the girls who won new prestige for U.S. track



Stunned by Osipov and U.S.'s Fishback, George Young splashes to stunning steeplechase win.

... AND WHERE THE BOYS ARE THE GIRLS ARE SURPRISING

Most of them were pretty young—almost all of them were pretty—and this is not considered a winning combination for track meets. But the American women had trained hard against an old history of defeat and this time they performed with an attractive maturity

Javelin Thrower Lurbae Hamilton, an 18-year-old from Los Angeles, warms up for event outside the Coliseum by grasping an overhanging branch and stretching her full 5 feet 8.



Striding back from one-two finish in the 100-meter dash: Edith McGuire (left) and Wynona Tyus seem a



American schoolgirls Eleanor Montgomery (left), 18, and Terrence Brown, 17, placed first and second in



perfect sister set. They are—in fact, an inch apart in height, four pounds in weight and about equally fast.



In any other Los Angeles setting, the skinks, warming-up exercises of Allene's Ruder Betty Griffith might seem studio-inspired. Here they wisely reflect a sailing intentness.



the high jump ahead of the proud Russians, and then happily retired to the infield to enjoy their triumph.

The U.S. team's oldest runner at 76, Sencie Kocot is a Cleveland nurse now appearing on the athletic strewed circuit—wearing unofficial but wacky feminine headgear.





PARK A BOAT AT YOUR DOORSTEP

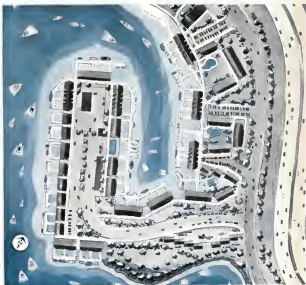
First came the yacht club and then the marina, proliferating on lakes, rivers and bays. Next came the boatel, a marina with motel, offering snug harbor on shore for the night. The latest development in boat-and-bed building is the apartment on the water, no mere overnight facility but a full-time residence that permits you to dock your boat right outside your living-room door. And the best apartment-on-the-water complex in the country is growing beside a lagoon in Tiburon, Calif. It is called The Cove, and its credentials read like a real-estate promoter's hyperbole. The Marin hills roll shelteringly behind, and there is an Audubon bird sanctuary next door. The Golden Gate Bridge makes San Francisco, twinkling on the horizon, only a 20-minute commute away. In this setting, Builders Harry Hicks and Hugo Nadaner and their architect, John Lord King, are creating a homogeneous community of 270 apartments, blending the linear simplicity of Japanese architecture and the yacht-club Gothic of cedar shingles and overhanging eaves.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON



CONTINUED





The landscaping at The Cove is as carefully thought out as the apartments themselves. As the diagram of the finished project shows, all units are either directly on the water or face one of four swimming pools, as at left. Walks are paved with native Siquora flagstones. The landscaping is planned to give privacy in a confined area. Mounds of earth, covered with wild strawberry plants and Monterey pines, are like bonsai-size Japanese mountains, screening patios and decks.

Of extremely fine quality for a rental complex are the materials used in the construction of The Cove. The siding is of bleached heart redwood; all railings, beams and trim are of Douglas fir; roofs are of cedar shingles, and indoor walls and cabinets are paneled in mahogany. Each apartment has a fireplace faced in stone, tile or brick. The understatement of the detail belies the \$3 million that is invested in the project. Apartments of from two to five

rooms rent for \$385 to \$525 per month. Dockage is \$1 per foot per month and there is space for 100 boats drawing as much as 5½ feet. Two yacht clubs with year-round race programs, the Conestoga and the San Francisco, are but a 20-minute sail across the bay. By next summer The Cove will be holding its own regatta and if a tenant does not own a boat he can charter one from Agent Ernest Chamberlain in Tiburon—a 33-foot Nautique goes for \$120 a month.

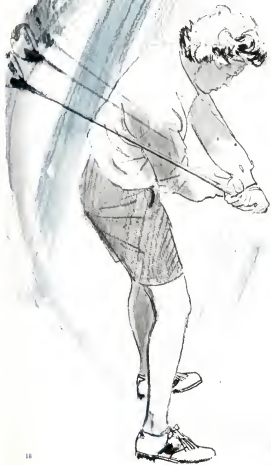
Not yet complete but under construction this summer is a yacht club with swimming pool where residents can entertain guests and where 15 transient boats can dock. If all this were not enough to make the average U.S. apartment dweller clutch his beehive existence and head for Tiburon, striped bass that weigh up to 35 pounds are frequently caught on spinning gear right from the floating docks out front. The limit is three a day per person.

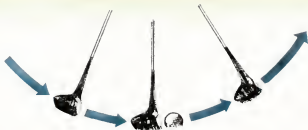
FAIRWAY WOODS— SWING HARD AND BE FEARLESS

BY BETSY RAWLS
WITH EDWIN SHRAKE

No golf shots cause as much despair among women as the fairway woods, yet these are the very shots that women must learn to play well in order to compensate for their comparative lack of strength. The winner of four United States Women's Opens and many other championships, Betsy Rawls is famous for her ability with these clubs. Here she presents her technique for playing fairway woods, and adds some surprising advice about where to use them

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN





A crucial rule for a fairway wood is to hit the ball at the exact bottom of the swing. If you try to sweep the

ball off the grass on the upswing, you will top it. Punching it on the downswing makes control difficult.

Obviously, and happily, women are not as strong as men. They cannot run as fast as men, or jump as high, or hit a golf ball as far. Because of this comparative lack of strength, every woman knows she has to play a different kind of golf than a man. She knows she must excel at the shots that do not depend on muscle—the chips and short putts—and because she concentrates on these she becomes quite good at them. But what most women golfers overlook is that there is another kind of shot where compensation can be made for needed strength. This is the fairway wood shot. A good fairway wood can make up for all of the power a man puts into anything from a two-iron to a five-iron. It is a vital part of a woman's golf game, yet it is much neglected.

The trouble is that too many women are afraid of fairway woods. They approach the fairway wood shot as a bride might approach her first soufflé, bravely beating the eggs but convinced in her heart that collapse is imminent. In golf, as in cooking, knowledge and practice bring confidence, and with confidence in what she can do with a three-, four- or five-wood, she can quickly lower her scores.

When faced with a 190-yard second shot to the green on a par-4 hole, a man can reach for a two- or three-iron with reasonable assurance he can carry the ball that far. A woman cannot. Even a woman professional may pull out a four-wood for a shot of that distance, and she knows she must be able to hit the four-wood with as much accuracy as a man would hit a four-iron. Women golfers frequently have wood shots to the green on par-4 holes, and if they cannot hit them they simply cannot score well.

Why, then, are most women—and, in fact, most high-handicap golfers of both sexes—frightened of fairway woods? The answer is simple. The club itself is longer, the arc of the swing is longer and the distance the ball travels is longer. As a result, any error in the shot is exaggerated. Naturally, a ball that is hit 190 yards will slice more than a ball that is hit 90 yards. Since the errors of a big swing show up more,

the golfer has a tendency to tighten up and compound her errors. But by following a few basic principles and giving a little practice time to your fairway woods you can avoid making errors in the first place.

For women, fortunately, fairway woods are easier to use than long irons. The three-wood is the club women use most because it has plenty of loft and gives good distance. The four-wood, which has about 15 yards less distance, is the club to use out of fairly bad lies. And the five-wood, with its extra loft, is an excellent club for getting the ball into the air easily. Women can hit the five-wood further than they can hit a two-iron, especially from the rough or from a bad lie. Not many pros—men or women—carry a two-wood anymore.

There are four vital things to remember about hitting fairway woods: keep your balance, finish your backswing, contact the ball at the bottom of the swing and hit it hard. When I say hit it hard, that is exactly what I mean. A woman cannot take the easy swing of a Julius Boros, because she is not strong enough. A woman must play more like Gary Player or Chi Chi Rodriguez, small men who hit the ball hard. A woman must have a better golf swing than a man because she cannot make up for her mistakes with muscles. And when you see a woman merely waving at the ball, no matter how gracefully, you are seeing a woman with a bad golf swing.

So now you have decided to hit it hard. The next thing to concentrate on is hitting the ball at the bottom of the swing. To illustrate what I mean, take your three-wood into the backyard and swing it without aiming at a ball. Pick out a dandelion or a spot on the grass and hit it. There is nothing to it. You just naturally hit the dandelion at the bottom of your swing. Your eyes and your reflexes take over, and you don't have to try to hit the dandelion at the bottom of the swing, you just instinctively do. And that is how you should hit the ball with a fairway wood, right at the bottom of the swing.

On most iron shots the idea is to hit the ball on

continued



The width of the stance should be equal to the width of the shoulders, with the ball opposite the left heel.

FAIRWAY WOODS *continued*

the downswing in order to get it high into the air and to give it backspin. With an iron, you are striving for control, not for maximum distance. On a tee shot the idea is to hit the ball on the upswing, to sweep it off the tee. The proper fairway wood swing is right between these two.

One thing that helps a great deal in contacting the ball at the bottom of the swing is getting into the proper address position. The only difference in address between the fairway wood and the other clubs

continued



A common mistake among women golfers is the stiff, upright stance. Knees should be relaxed and bent,



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is in the position of the ball. To hit the ball at the bottom of the swing, you play the ball where the bottom of the swing is most likely to be—and that is just opposite your left heel. The position can vary with some players, but it will never vary more than an inch or two. Use a square stance—with the feet and shoulders parallel to the intended line of flight. The width of the stance is about the width of the shoulders. This is a little wider than with irons, because your swing will be longer with a fairway wood and you need a wider base in order to keep your balance. Both knees should be slightly flexed. Many women make the mistake of standing up to the ball with their legs straight. This makes it hard to hit the ball at the bottom of the swing's arc.

At this point, of course, there is no use doing anything else unless you have the right grip. Since you are striving for distance and a hook will roll farther than a slice, you should use a hooker's grip. This means that the Vs made by the thumbs and forefingers should point toward the right shoulder. Men generally play with the Vs pointing between the chin and the right shoulder, and men professionals usually have their Vs pointing at their chin. But women should use the hooker's grip.

Now that you have a strong grip and the proper address, think about your legs. The legs contribute more than anything else to balance and power. Start the swing with the weight evenly distributed between both feet at address, then gradually shift the weight to the right so that at the top of the backswing most of the weight is on the right leg and the right knee is bent slightly forward. It is especially important that you do not let the right leg become stiff at the top of the backswing. Now you are in the strongest possible hitting position.

From the top of the backswing, concentrate on hitting the ball hard. Think of moving the club fast on the downswing. The dainty golf swing went out with the duster and veil. Move everything as fast as you can. In your backyard, whip that club head through that dandelion—and whip it through hard! Too many women do not move the club head as fast as they can because they try to be ladylike; they do not want to be aggressive. This is commendable—even necessary—at country club dances, but it will not get you far on the golf course.

You must not, however, swing hard in the wrong way. You can get so anxious to start hitting hard on the downswing that you do not complete the backswing. The amount of shoulder turn you take is going to have a lot to do with how far you can hit the ball, so it does no good to start down if you do not take the club back far enough. I have this trouble



At the top of the backswing the club head should be pointing at the hole and the right knee still bent forward.

myself sometimes when I feel the pressures of tournament play. I cure it with a mental exercise.

I picture the club head making a semicircle from the position at address around on the backswing until the club head is pointing at the hole (above). When you do not finish the backswing, the club head never gets to that position, your wrists uncock too soon, you lose power and the bottom of your swing is behind the ball. I wait until I can feel the club head pointing at the hole and do not start my downswing until that moment. Then I can hit the ball as hard as I want, move everything as fast as I want. The wrists uncock at the proper point, and the timing is automatically right. With a good, balanced swing you cannot hit the ball too hard.

But when I say start hitting hard from the top of the backswing, I do not mean to uncock the wrists

continued



FAIRWAY WOODS (continued)

there. This is one of the worst errors you can make. When you get to the top of the backswing, pull down with both arms and shift the weight to the left side without doing anything with the wrists. Leave the wrists cocked and just pull down with the hands. When you do this the right elbow comes in front of the right hip and the wrists remain cocked until they are in the hitting area. It may sound complex, but look at the drawing (left) and you will see quite clearly what I mean. You should practice this downswing movement over and over. Mickey Wright used to do it for hours in front of a mirror, which is an exercise worth trying.

Women are sometimes inclined to overswing, to go too far back on the backswing because they think that is how to get extra distance. In their search for that extra whip, they bend their left arms on their backswings and almost bounce their club heads off the ground behind them. That is not only unnecessary, it is usually disastrous. If you do not feel strong enough to keep from bending your left arm while taking the club back to its proper position, try practicing by swinging the club with the left arm alone. Keep the left arm straight—even if you can swing it only two feet or so—and keep the left hand firmly on the club throughout. Just a little time spent on this training exercise will soon develop both the strength and the confidence you need to keep yourself from wrapping the club around your neck on the backswing. Swinging with just the left arm will not produce a good swing, which is a combination of timing, rhythm, balance and many other things, but it will eliminate a few common faults.

Some instructors will tell you to relax on a fairway

Hit the ball hard, but keep the wrists well cocked until in the hitting area.



Uncocking the wrists too early, as at right, results in a loss of power.



wood shot. I think this is a mistake. You cannot really relax and hit the ball very far. You cannot be tense, either, but confidence eliminates tension. You should concentrate on keeping your balance and on hitting the ball at the bottom of the swing. Concentrate enough and you will block out of your mind any fear of topping the ball or hitting it off line. You defeat tension by concentration and confidence, not by relaxing.

As I said earlier, women frequently find themselves hitting fairway woods to par-4 greens. This means they need greater accuracy with these clubs than men do, and proper alignment becomes most important. You cannot ever maintain a good swing with bad alignment because you unconsciously try to make up for your bad aim by adjusting your swing. Then your swing goes sour.

To align myself properly I place the club head behind the ball before I take my stance. I put the face of the club at right angles to the line of flight and leave the club in exactly that position, not turning it to left or right. Then I place my feet with my left heel in line with the ball. All good players have a definite routine to go through in aligning themselves, and they do it the same way every time. No really fine player is ever casual about this. For example, you can anticipate every move Mickey Wright will make once she starts her address. She will never vary her movements. She has confidence in her alignment because the routine is familiar to her, and she knows she is always lined up the same way. You can no more play good golf without getting the proper line than you can pitch a baseball game while facing toward the shortstop.

There is one last thing to consider, the actual finish of the swing. I have only one major test for this. Can you hold your follow-through position for a few seconds without falling forward or backward? If you can, the odds are that your weight has shifted as it should and you have good balance. If you go lurching back on your right leg like a drum major or if you stumble forward on your left foot, then your balance is not good and you can probably start looking for your ball over in the trees. Other than that, you can pretty well use any follow-through you want. You can see my own at right, but there is no need to imitate it. The touring pros, both men and women, exhibit a whole galaxy of follow-throughs, and they all manage to hit the ball pretty well.

There are a couple of easy things to remember

continued



The proper finish should be easy to hold without any loss of balance.



When using a wood from rough, play ball in center of stance, swing down sharply and hit ball before grass.

FAIRWAY WOODS *continued*

about hitting fairway woods from sloping lies. An upslope adds loft to the club, and a downslope takes loft away. On an upslope, you use a less lofted club. For example, you may be four-wood distance from a green, but with an uphill lie you should use a three-wood. The upslope will make the ball go higher and will cost you distance. On an upslope the bottom of the swing is toward the left foot. Stand away from the ball and take a practice swing to see where the club hits the ground and then judge your position of address from that.

On a downslope, if the shot calls for a three-wood, go ahead and hit a four-wood. The downslope will turn the four-wood into a three-wood anyway, and you need that extra loft. On an extreme downhill lie from the same distance, you might need to use a five-wood. On a downslope play the ball back toward the right foot, because that is where the bottom of the swing will be.

Now I want to suggest something that you may think is heresy. You should not be afraid to hit a fairway wood out of the rough, or from a bad lie, or even from a fairway bunker. It was back in the era when ladies didn't bare their ankles that somebody first told them, "Never use a wood in the rough." It was a fine pontification with a kind of hell's-fire-and-brimstone ring to it, and in the 50 years that followed women dared to get the vote and the bikini, but when their ball went in the rough they took out a six-iron and hoped for the best. What a shame. A four-wood, and certainly a five-wood, is an easier club to hit out of even heavy rough than a long iron, and you can nearly always hit a five-wood 20 or 30 yards farther out of the rough than you can hit a long iron. Even if you miss the wood badly your chances of reaching the fairway are better than if you had missed the iron. You must, however, make a slight adjustment in your swing. In high grass you do not play the ball opposite the left heel as you would in the fairway. You do not want to contact the ball at the bottom of the swing, because the grass will slow down the club head too much. So you play the ball more off the center of the stance, and you hit it on the downswing, as if hitting an iron shot. Of course, if the grass is very high, you may have to take a short iron and whack the ball out, but from most rough you should never hesitate to reach for a wood.

Hitting woods out of fairway bunkers can be smart,

and even fun. First, your friends will begin to look upon you as the bold Arnold Palmer of the Sunday mixed-foursome tournament—which is almost reward enough. But you will also pull off some most successful shots. All you have to remember when using a wood from a fairway bunker is that you hit the shot just the opposite of the way you would hit an explosion from a trap around a green. With an explosion shot, the idea is to hit the sand and let the sand ride the ball out of the trap. But in a fairway bunker you are going for distance, and the sand will obstruct the speed of the club head and kill the shot. So when using a wood in a bunker you must make sure that you hit the ball before you hit the sand. This is easily accomplished by playing the ball back, off the center of the stance. It is also more difficult to get the ball up quickly from sand. As a result, you would seldom use anything but a four- or five-wood. It is important that you learn how quickly the ball gets up into the air, because every time you are faced with this shot you will have to decide if you can get the ball over the lip of the trap that is almost surely in front of you. In some cases you will just have to hit a seven-iron, even when you are 175 yards from the green. You may have a four-wood shot in distance and be tempted to try it, but part of being a bold golfer is recognizing what is impossible.

If you are now swinging well at your fairway wood shots, how far can you expect them to go? This varies greatly with the individual. I hit a three-wood about 210 yards, a four-wood about 195 to 200 yards and a five-wood about 185 yards. You will most likely be somewhat short of that. The important thing is to learn what your own ranges are, and then play within your own ability.

There are certain situations where you will not want to hit a fairway wood. If the ground is hard and the front of the green is open, you might want to hit a two-iron and roll the ball onto the putting surface. If there is a strong wind in your face, you may want to hit a two-iron to keep the ball low. But usually if you have a long way to go the fairway wood is the club to reach for. So remember, if you maintain good balance, take a full shoulder turn, finish your backswing and then hit the ball hard so as to achieve maximum speed at the bottom of the swing, the fairway wood is as good a friend as you can have on the golf course. Use it a lot—and watch your scores drop. **END**

When hitting from a fairway trap, again play ball in center so that club head strikes it before touching the sand.



THE KITEMAKER



As a hobby Artist Tomi Ungerer builds kites, which he flies on the beach near his Long Island summer home. Ungerer's whim dictates the size and shape of the kites, many of which he gives bizarre names, such as 'Death Head' (below). In the fall he destroys all his kites, starting to build anew the next summer. On these pages Photographer Pete Turner focuses his colored filters on Ungerer's world



The gargantuan Fremont Stevedore, 3 and 8 meters tall, made up half of the world's largest collection of giant human figures in the world. The collection was housed in the Fremont Stevedore and was the largest collection of giant human figures in the world.





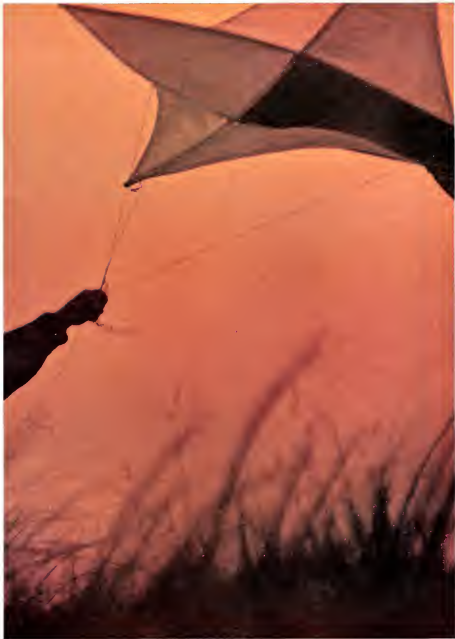


Ungerer strolls the beach with "Fish" (left) and the box kite (right), two of the 50 that he created last summer.



"Experimenting is the most exciting part. Of course, you have to learn about the basics first, but the fascinating thing is to make something unlikely fly."





Gumet Cliente at rally checkpoints. Model shown is 2 door hardtop in brilliant Carnival Red.



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“アメリカ経済の擴張する力はいぜん堅實な盛り上がりをみせ冬期半ば以降の生産の激増につづいて この夏が幕を閉じる前にもう一度急上昇がおこることはほぼ確實である。しかし長期予測にはやや不明瞭な点がある。割引率の引上げとそれにとまなう信用政策の變更が 1964年の擴張を制約する前兆となるかもしれないからである。”

You are reading a quote from "Fortune" Magazine.



This excerpt is from the Japanese version of Fortune Magazine, titled PRESIDENT. It is a joint publishing venture between Time Incorporated and the Diamond Publishing Company, Limited, in Tokyo.

The immediate success PRESIDENT has gained is attributed to the need it fulfills. For example, the Japanese economy depends on foreign trade. Yet, there has been a tremendous gap in the Japanese busi-

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PART II: THE MONSTERS AND ME

A TITLE, A TUMBLE, A TRADE

In a furious world of audibles, blitzes and crack-back blocks, pro football's remarkable run tells of an Eagle victory, an Eagle collapse—and how he was shuffled off to big D **by TOMMY McDONALD**

I had gone from an undefeated national champion college team to a staggering professional team, and in my first couple of seasons with the Philadelphia Eagles I was staggering, too. I had been a running back at Oklahoma. Switching to flanker back in the pros, I had to get the hang of a receiver's cuts, feints and speed shifts. I also had to prove to the big boys that they couldn't run me out of the league.

The Eagles won only six games in 1957 and 1958. Then Dutch Van Brocklin lighted a fire under us, and we won seven in 1959. As the 1960 season began

we all had faith in Dutch, but we hadn't signed many draft choices or made any trades, and we'd have been as cracked as the Liberty Bell if we had predicted a championship.

Our first game was with the Cleveland Browns. They murdered us by a score of 41-24. After the game I went into the dressing room thinking, Oh, Lord, is this going to be another one of those years? Everybody is in good shape for the first game and enthusiastic about the new season. Winning the opener can give you quite a lift. But losing to the Browns the way we did,

I figured we had the staggers again.

And then we won seven in a row. Van Brocklin was great, and because of him we came from behind to win four or five of the games. Dutch would analyze the defense in the first half, then rip it apart in the second. The next time we played Cleveland they had us 15-7 at the half, and we beat them in the last few seconds when Cherwa—Bobby Walston—kicked a field goal. That was the year we played the Giants back to back and came from behind to beat them in both games.

The second Giant game is a good example of how well Dutch could adjust to

continued

HARRIED BY THE PACKERS, VAN BROCKLIN COCKS HIS ARM TO PASS TO HIS FAVORITE PUPIL IN THE 1960 CHAMPIONSHIP GAME...



a surprise defense. In the first half the Giants kept him on his back by blitzing. He hadn't been blitzed all year because everybody in the league knew that he would kill you if you tried it. But we weren't ready for it and they really shellacked him.

At half time Duach, Buck Shaw, Charley Gauer, the receivers and the No. 2 quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen, all got together and started figuring out how to break up the blitz. The best weapon against it is a short pass to the tight end or behind the linebacker—a lookie. Another is a huck to the spread end or the flanker, where he takes four steps, then looks back, and the quarterback hits him fast. A little safety-valve pattern with the halfback swinging out usually works pretty good, too. Another way to beat the blitz is with the quarterback dropping back real fast, and, since the defensive halfbacks are going to be playing your end or your flanker tight, your man has a good chance to out-run the defensive halfback on a fly.

We used all of these things and knocked the Giants out of their blitz. Of course, you have to know just when to use each one. You have to size up the defense in a split second and be quick with audibles, and Van was a master at this.

Maybe a half or three-quarters of a pro football game is played on audible

signals today. The quarterback will go up to the line of scrimmage and see that the defense has changed radically. If he's good, he'll call an audible signal for a new play into the weakest spot of the new defense. We used a color system on the Eagles for calling audibles. Van would call out a color when we went into the huddle, and that would be the live color. If we came up to the line and he wanted to change the huddle call, Van would sing out the same color. That meant the next series of numbers he called would be a new play. If it wasn't the same color, we could forget the next numbers because the play called in the huddle was going to stand up.

If Dutch called the live color and then said "two two," that meant a hand-off to the halfback into the line, the first "two" being the back and the second "two" the hole. If he said "two eight," that meant a sweep on which I had to crack-back on the linebacker. If we were going to use a pass play off an audible, it was a number over 50. Since the Eagles have been pretty well shaken up by Joe Kuharich, the new head coach, I'm sure all of the signals have been changed.

I didn't like the 28 call much, because I'm not big enough to throw a crack-back block on a linebacker. The linebackers weigh 220 to 250, and when I block on one I have to hit him way down around the shoelaces. Otherwise I'm

like a fly bouncing off a window pane.

We had a movie of me on a crack-back on a 28 call in my second year when I hit a linebacker chest high. He didn't even break stride. He ran right over me and left cleat marks on my chest that I had for a week. The linebacker was Galen Fiss of Cleveland, and after that I hit them real low.

The linebackers hate the crack-back because they get it low from the blind side and never see it coming, and they get hurt. I remember one game we played against Green Bay when they beat us 49-0. The play was a quick pitchout to Tommy Brown, and I had to crack-back on Dan Currie. Dan was coming hard after Tommy, and he wasn't looking for me. I hit him just right—knee high—and cut him down.

When the play was over he was lying on the ground, and he couldn't imagine what had hit him. He was holding his knee and hollering. "Cheap-shot artist!" But he didn't know who had done it until Ron Kramer, coming out on the field to help pick him up, said, "That wasn't a cheap shot, you idiot."

"Who did it?" Currie hollered.

I came over to him and said, "Are you all right, Dan? I didn't mean to hurt you." Then he really hollered.

He said, "Was that you, McDonald? I'll never live this down. The littlest runt in the game takes my leg off!"

... AND CONNECTS WITH McDONALD INSIDE GREEN BAY IS AS HANK GREMMINGER IS OUTMANEUVERED. McDONALD, KNOCKED



I really felt bad about hurting Dan—he was a real good friend of mine—but pleased that I had finally knocked somebody down in this league.

I understand that back in the late '40s and early '50s there were quite a few head-busters in the league, but there aren't many now, and most of them are rookies who learn better pretty soon. On the Eagles, if we spotted a head-hunter, we had what we called a gang bust-out and everybody took out after the head-hunter. When that play was over, he was more than likely on the ground hunting for his own head.

But as we got into the 1960 season we were not hunting head-busters. We were beginning to sniff the first Eagle championship in 11 years. And we won it with what was probably the third-best club in the Eastern Conference. The Giants and the Browns, if you went down the rosters man for man, probably had better teams. But we had Van Brocklin and a spirit that no one else could touch. We had guys like Chuck Bednarik, who played both ways in four games and was great even at the age of 35.

Once we got on a train going to Washington for a game with the Redskins, and Chuck was walking ahead of me, I looked like a pygmy behind him. A couple of little old ladies were sitting in one of the chair cars when we came through, and one of them stopped Chuck.

"Excuse me," she said. "I have seen so many great big men come by here in the last few minutes. What is going on?"

"We are pro football players," Bednarik said. "We are going to Washington to play a game, ma'am." He was very polite.

She looked at me and smiled and said to her friend, "Isn't that nice? This man is taking his son with him to see him play."

I don't think I ever felt any more pressure than I did before the championship game with the Packers that year. Most people thought we had been lucky to win in the East, and they didn't give us much chance against the Packers. But we had confidence and we had Charley Gauer, who was coaching the offense and is one of the smartest men in football. For the championship game, Gauer came up with the maneuver that actually won the title. He noticed in movies of the Packers' games that one player always loafed coming down under a kickoff. I mean he never put out. That left a hole in one side of their defense. So Gauer designed a kickoff return where we sent two blockers after the next man inside of the loafer to widen the hole. The Packers scored on us late in the game to go ahead. Then they kicked off, and Gauer's play worked perfectly. Ted Dean shot through the hole and returned the kickoff 52 yards to set up what

turned out to be the winning touchdown.

We had noticed, too, that Hank Gremminger, the back covering me, played me to the inside on slants and really worried about the inside. I caught a touchdown on him early in the game on a play to the inside and then out again when Gremminger committed himself and started to move with me.

Dutch retired after that year. I think he got a pretty bad deal because Bert Bell had persuaded him to play for the Eagles in the first place by telling him he would be the next head coach. Then the club backed down.

After that, age and injuries and bad luck caught up with the club. Sonny Jurgensen replaced Dutch and did a wonderful job, but he got hurt in the Playoff Bowl game in Miami after the 1961 season, and it took him a while to come back. Then he was hurt again in 1963, and King Hill took over. King is a good quarterback, but the coaches used me as a decoy instead of throwing into double coverage the way Van Brocklin and Jurgensen did. I remember in one game against the Giants I came back to the huddle after a play and said, "King, they've got a new boy in at the corner on my side and I can beat him deep." So King threw to me deep, and I caught the ball behind the new corner man for a touchdown. The same pattern was open all afternoon, but they were doubling

continued

OFF BALANCE BY GREMMINGER'S LUNGE, FALLS ACROSS GOAL INTO SIDELINE SHOW WITH FIRST EAGLE TOUCHDOWN IN 13-13 WIN



on me, and King never threw it again.

I suppose the biggest shock of my life was finding out that I was going to be traded to Dallas. After my third or fourth year with the Eagles, I figured I was in Philadelphia to stay. The other boys would say, don't buy a house because as sure as you do you'll be traded. But I bought a house anyway and some other real estate in Philadelphia and made plans to go into business with some people there. The last thing in my mind was that I might be traded away from the Eagles.

Of course, Jurgensen was traded, too—to the Redskins. I was a little luckier than he was in the way I got the news. He walked into a delicatessen and a guy came up to him and said, "I hear on the radio that you're being traded to Washington." That was the way he first heard about it.

But at least Kuharich called me before it was announced. He asked me to come down to the Eagle office. He had said in the newspapers that he was going to call in each Eagle player and get his viewpoint on why the team had done so badly, so I thought that was what he wanted. I was mistaken.

"We have been offered a real good deal by another club," he told me, "but we are going to have to give up one of our players, and nobody will talk to us about anybody but you."

"Do you mind telling me who is so interested in me?" I asked him.

"All of them," he said, "but we have come to some pretty good terms with the Dallas Cowboys."

When he said that I thought, who is the coach, and then remembered: Tom Landry. I had played for Landry when he coached in a Pro Bowl game on the

coast, and I was very impressed by him.

"Do you mind telling me who they are offering?" I asked, and he told me the three players the Cowboys were giving for me.

"How do you feel about it?" he said.

"I don't like it," I said. "It's not that I would mind playing with Dallas, because I think they are a coming ball club. But I've been in Philadelphia seven years. I've worked for a cigar company for two years, and now I have a TV show and a radio show, and I've just bought a home and invested in other real estate around here. I don't want it."

Then I figured if I was going to be traded, I would be better off with, say, the New York Giants or the Washington Redskins, because I could at least keep my cigar job. I didn't think I could if I went to Dallas.

So I said, "Do a lot of other ball clubs know you are willing to trade me? Like the Giants or the Redskins?"

"I've talked to them," he told me.

"Then you can give me a straight answer," I said.

"Well, we have sort of finalized this deal," he said. "We think we are going ahead with it."

So I said, "You mean it is already a deal."

"Close to it, yes," he said.

"I don't even know why you bothered to call me in here," I said. "You're going ahead with it whether I say yes or no."

"We just wanted to get your viewpoint," he said.

I went home and tried to analyze the trade. When I thought it out, I could see that I was the obvious one to go. You can find a receiver quicker than you can a running back like Tommy Brown or a quarterback like Sonny Jurgensen, and they couldn't trade Retzlaff because Pete was 32 or 33, and he probably had only a season or two left. That left McDonald. I knew it wasn't because of a feud with management. I had never had much trouble talking contract with the Eagles, and I didn't even know the new owner, Jerry Wolfman, or Kuharich.

The contract bit had come up every year, and I would talk it over with Vince McNally, the Eagles' general manager. Usually we would agree pretty easily. The only time we had a real argument was in 1963, when I went to camp without signing. Jurgensen and King Hill did the same that year. By the way, if

continued



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McDONALD

you go to camp unsigned, you're crazy if you scrimmage or play in exhibition games, because if you get hurt you're on your own and the club doesn't owe you a thing.

After I got to camp I told McNally I would want a week, and if he did not have the contract I wanted by then, I would leave. I got as far as the lobby with my bags packed when Nick Skorich, the coach Kuharich replaced, saw me and sent for McNally, and we got it settled there in camp. After that Sonny and King walked out. Maybe they got the idea from me. But this had all blown over and, as far as I knew, no one held any resentment.

I started talking to the Cowboys the day after the trade was announced when Tex Schramm, their general manager, called me. We didn't get down to terms for about six weeks or so, after I had been to Dallas twice.

By now I was 29 years old, with maybe four or five years of good football left in me. Schramm told me Don Meredith, the Dallas quarterback—and a real good one, from what I have seen of him—did sort of a little dance in Landry's office when he found out that they had traded for me as well as for Buddy Dial, the Steelers' fine split end. I thought I might do a little dance myself in Dallas one of these days, with Dial to catch, too, and Meredith to throw, plus the good running the Cowboys have.

I began to like the idea of the trade. Trades sometimes do a lot for a ball player, and it was obvious the Eagles weren't going anywhere for one or two years. I was being traded to a contender. It can give you a lift to be traded up, because you respond to the quality of the team you are with.

Schramm and I did some more talking about contract terms. It is hard to say, "Look, I am a great football player and you know it, so I want a big contract." But you have to forget false modesty because you are not talking just for yourself. Other people are dependent on you.

So, while I know I am not Jimmy Brown or Jimmy Taylor, I know, too, that neither one of them can break up a game any quicker than I can. I mean you get six points for a long pass that scores just like you get six points if Brown breaks loose for a long run. And there are more long scoring passes than there are long scoring runs.

We kicked that around, and then Schramm and I got to the stage that reminds me a little bit of the pickoff play we used on the Eagles. You have to go as close as you can to the line between what you can do and what you can't. The football pickoff is very much like a basketball pickoff, where one guy gets in the way of a defender while he is trying to follow another guy and picks the defender off the man he is trying to cover.

In pro football the pick works well inside the 20. Say my defensive back is inside me, running with me, and I'm crossing deep with Retzlaff, who has a defender on him, too. Where we cross, I may be in the way of the guy covering Retzlaff and force him to break stride or something and that lets Pete go free for a minute. That's when the pass is thrown.

You can't touch the defensive back once the ball is in the air, but except for grabbing him you can do almost anything you want to before it is thrown. But if the referee thinks you hit the defender intentionally to free another receiver he will throw the flag. The pickoff isn't legal, even if we try to make it look that way. This is something you try to use down in the end zone or inside the 20-yard line because it is pretty tough down there, and crowded, and you can pick off someone for sure.

We used it on the Eagles. The Cowboys use it some and the Giants use it a lot. A team is crazy not to use it because it can get you six big ones.

The dealing with Schramm reminded me of it a little because it is a question of who can outwait who. If you wait too long and hit the defensive back you get a penalty, but if your timing is perfect and you force him to break off from the man he is covering you get a score. So with Schramm and me, it was a question of waiting. Then we met again and sparred some more. I tossed in the idea of trading me east if we couldn't come to terms. As I had told Kuharich, it would be easy for me to play for the Giants or Redskins and keep my old jobs. Schramm wasn't buying that. "If you don't play for Dallas this year," he said, "you won't play for anyone."

The waiting came to an end a couple of weeks ago. I signed a contract that I am happy with. Now if somebody will throw the football this way, I'll try to catch some passes for Big D.

END



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Dayton Tires

No matter how warm the political climate may get in the months ahead, Republican Vice-Presidential Candidate William Miller will face it on dry land. After all that hot air in the convention, Miller's wife Stephanie and their daughters Libby, 20, and Mary Karen, 17, could hardly wait to get to Lake Ontario, put on their water skis and cool off behind their 16-foot outboard. But Miller himself stayed securely on the shore. "Daddy hates the water," said Libby. "He won't go near it."

Once in a while Willie Mays strikes out and the fans in San Francisco grumble. Last week, however, Willie's fans got so critical that he was stuffed into a box and shipped to London for corrective action. Not the real Willie, but a wax effigy on display at Fisherman's Wharf. London's famed Madame Josephine Tussaud had made his hair too long, his face too cherubic and his eyes too slanted, so Tommy Fong, who owns the museum at the wharf, sent wis-

en Willie back to his maker. And, to keep Josephine from striking out again, a dozen portraits of the center fielder were sent along with him. A TV movie about him is expected to follow. Say Hey!

Hawaii's near-legendary Duke Kahanamoku, who set a 100-meter freestyle world record while winning a gold medal in the 1912 Olympics, thought he might try running for Congress—until he got a sample of mainland life. After returning home from a visit to New York and the World's Fair he decided he couldn't leave the swaying palms and balmy breezes. "When I saw all that traffic I knew I could never live on the mainland," said the spirited Duke. "I'm going to spend the rest of my days here, swimming, sailing and doing my exercises."

As if to prove she was ready to take over Holland's ship of state any time Queen Juliana wants to step aside, Crown Princess Beatrix (below) bundled herself in a white towel against the

driving rain, seized the helm of the 80-ton Lemster Aak *Greene Dragon*, a birthday present from the yachtsmen of Holland, and headed out across the stormy IJsselmeer, formerly the Zuider Zee. Her friends and the dragon perched on the stern seemed confident their royal pilot would get them safely to port.

Lady Bird and Lynden may soon be campaigning against each other—on the harness tracks of Canada, anyway. They are, respectively, a yearling filly and a yearling colt whose names were just registered by the Canadian Standardbred Horse Society. The owners may have a sure thing—but one of them obviously can't spell.

Monaco's major tenant, Greek Ship Owner Aristide Onassis, who owns controlling interest in the Monte Carlo Casino, the Hotel de Paris, plus three other hotels, a golf course and a theater, wants to modernize the tiny kingdom. He has already proposed building a new casino, sleek apartments and huge parking lots, but last week he had a new idea. "Why not drain the harbor and turn it into a race-track?" he asked. Well, for one thing, because landlord Prince Rainier moors his yacht there.

"In 1935 when it looked like Sam could do some good on the polo golf tour I got up \$250 or maybe it was \$350 and an old car and told him to go as far as he could," said Jesse Saeed, the older brother of 52-year-old Sam, "but now I think he should retire. Sam never was a very good putter." Jesse went on, "and now he'd rather try to sink a 40-footer than one of them three-footers, which is a sure sign that his putting is going to pieces."

Now that he's getting on toward 30, the fast-moving heir to the Woodworth millions is beginning to slow down. Onetime auto racer Lance Reventon, 28, has traded in his seat belt for a saddle and forsaken his cars for a string of polo ponies. Last week he was named to play No.

1 position on the California Crescents team at the National Twenty Goal Tournament.

"It's high," said Sherpa Guide Tenzing Norgay as he peered down from the 1,250-foot peak of New York's Empire State Building, but for the conqueror of 29,002-foot Mt. Everest it apparently was not high enough. Back on ground level, Nepal's 50-year-old Tiger of the Snows left for Washington to climb Mt. Rainier with American Everest conquerors Jim Whitaker, Lute Jerstad and Dr. Tom Hornsbee. At 14,468 feet, Rainier is a poor match for the Himalayan peaks, but at least it does not have elevators. And when they reached the top of it, Tenzing and his friends stood their ice axes high in the air and shouted, "So so!" (Nepalese for God bless) just as though they were back on Everest.

Along with West Coast Democrats and moderate Republicans, San Francisco Warrior Owner Franklin Miesel thinks it's time to tear down the huge sign that cries "Welcome to San Francisco, Barry!" on the way to the Cow Palace. Miesel particularly wants to get rid of it before Barry Kramer, the ex-NYU All-America forward he hopes to sign, gets into town to talk money. "It might give him ideas of grandeur," says Miesel.

Some anglers land bass with common-old worms, while others use fancy flies. General Mark Clark uses neither. "My secret weapon," confided the hero of Anzio as he beached four striped bass in front of his cabin on South Carolina's Lake Moultrie, "is a U-2 lure."

Former Oklahoma Football Coach Bud Wilkinson doesn't drink the stuff himself but, according to his enemies, he was likely to float into Washington on a tidal wave of beer. The Democrats opposing Bud's bid for the Senate claimed that the Anheuser-Busch beer slogan, "I like Bud!" was giving unfair aid to their opposition.





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Not much to do but eat, sleep and play baseball

A teen-age rookie named Tony Conigliaro, a local Boston boy, is making it big with the Red Sox, which surprises him not a bit

The first 16 times Tony Conigliaro—then only 18 and known to his friends as “Conig”—went to bat in Organized Baseball he failed to reach first base. It didn’t bother him a bit. He still talks about the hit he was robbed of the 16th time up, and he batted .382 the rest of that 1963 season.

The first time Tony Conigliaro—now 19 and a celebrated Boston Red Sox rookie known as “Tony C.”—went to bat in the major leagues, he hit into a double play in Yankee Stadium that missed being a triple play by half a step. That didn’t faze him either. When he came to bat later in the game he complained to the umpire that it looked to him as though the pitcher, Whitey Ford, age 35, was throwing spitballs. As a rule, umpires abhor fresh rookies, but this one forgot. “What can I do?” he asked the kid plaintively.

Then Tony C. and the Red Sox returned to Boston to open their home schedule, and the first time Conigliaro, who is a Boston boy, batted in Fenway Park he hit the first pitch out of Fenway Park, thus occasioning the greatest homecoming hoopla since the prodigal son came back and everybody in the place got half a day off. In attendance for Tony’s first home run were Attorney General Kennedy, Governor Peabody, Mayor Collins, American League President Cronin, Red Sox Owner Yawkey, Stan Musial, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and the whole damn Harvard band. “That was something, hitting that home run,” Tony says. “All my buddies were out there in the center-field stands.”

Boston’s favorite ever since, Conigliaro at midsummer is among the Red Sox leaders in every batting category. He is hitting .280 and, with 20 homers, had a good shot at the major league record for home runs by a rookie (38) until he hurt his forearm last Sunday. You can’t ask much more of a local boy, and Tony C. is as local as they come. He was born

in Revere, Mass., went to school in Lynn, Mass., now lives in Swampscott, Mass., and spent eight formative, fighting years in East Boston. Tony politely gives credit to all these principalities for providing him with his special chair, but Mayor Collins of Boston, aware that citizens of Revere, Lynn and Swampscott do not vote in Boston elections, says: “We lay claim to Tony as a product of East Boston.”

It is not easy being 19 years old and a home-town hero. “Like the other day,” Tony says, “I was just driving through Swampscott. Uh, I have this red Sting Ray. Yeah, everybody knows it. And this huddy of mine saw me and honked a couple times, and when I stopped I was just surrounded by kids. They know me all over Boston now, too. You see, I have had this fantastic publicity ever since the start of spring training.” He gets about 20 fan letters a day from all over, including “and you won’t believe

this, even from Europe.” Tony lives at home and his parents have had to get an unlisted phone number because, Tony says, the phone was ringing literally every 10 seconds.

But aside from this overabundance of attention, nothing seems to bother Tony C. He does not drink or smoke, and he may be the only major leaguer who endorses ice-cream sodas. Yet he is not a gee-whiz kid. In truth, some people are sure that he is going to be temperamental, and others think he is too cocky already. The evidence suggests, however, that he is a natural and becoming confidence and not one created by his rookie performance as a teen-ager.

“Oh, he’s got a freshness about him,” says Boston Manager Johnny Pesky. “He’s said a couple of things that were meaningless, but then I guess all kids his age do. But one thing: he still can’t understand how anybody can get him out.”

For all his confidence, Conigliaro takes nothing for granted. He plays hard and has been knocked out of the lineup four times this year by injuries. Last Sunday he suffered a lineal fracture of the wrist (which will sideline him for several weeks) when he was hit by a pitch, and earlier in the season he ran into the stands in Chicago chasing a fly. All his injuries were valid, but Tony picked up a reputation for dramatizing them. Opponents gave him the Academy Award for his Chicago performance and said that he prepared for the majors at Pasadena Playhouse. Once he sat glumly complaining that he had a bad back while with consummate feeling he rubbed his leg.

The Boston sportswriters are all extremely fond of Tony. “He’s a fine boy and a wonderful player,” Cliff Keane of the *Boston Globe* says. Conigliaro, on the other hand, is patently unawed by the press and, indeed, consciously avoids reading his notices. “Look,” he says, “I’m only 19. All this stuff they’re writing could go to my head. You know,



A BIG LEAGUER AT 19, young Conigliaro still lives at home with his mother and father.

a columnist

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BASEBALL continued

the hardest thing about the big leagues is just to act like a big leaguer. I mean, any kid of 19 has all these teen-age habits. You have to learn that the other guys on the team just don't want to go to a dance party and twist or something."

Conigliaro is big—6 feet 3 and 180—and good-looking, but he's 19, all right. And in keeping with his remarkably unaffected character, he is content to be 19. Coming into the clubhouse in slacks and a white shirt not tucked in, he seems no different or older than the clubhouse boys. About the most important change that big league status has made in his life is that he can sleep more. Tony Conigliaro spends, in fact, most of his waking hours sleeping. On road trips his feats of somnolence are the most prodigious since Sleeping Beauty vacated her title. After a night game, Tony gets to bed about one o'clock. Sometimes, after a day game, he does not get to bed until one o'clock, either—and last week he was fined \$250 by Pesky for violating the 12:30 a.m. curfew. He sleeps till about 1:30 the next afternoon. Then he wakes up, rolls over and calls room service. He orders breakfast: strawberries and corn flakes (that's "strabberries and cahn flecks" in his Boston accent), ham, scrambled eggs, toast, orange juice and two large glasses of milk. He eats, rolls over again and goes back to sleep for another two hours or so until it is time for him to break up the day with baseball.

"The more I sleep the lighter the bat feels," he explains. "If I get only 11 or 12 hours, I can feel the difference. Really." The day before the season opened, on the eve of his major league debut, he overslept and missed a team meeting at Yankee Stadium.

That he was even in New York as a regular on a major league team was remarkable. In spring training Ted Williams had said, "He's just a kid. He's two years away." But Tony had played well, and when Boston found itself with a shortage of outfielders after Gary Geiger went on the disabled list with stomach ulcers, Pesky took a chance on the kid with the big local reputation.

Conigliaro won 18 and lost 2 as a pitcher at St. Mary's High in Lynn, where he was also a football and basketball star, and he hit .370, .510, .430 and .545 in successive years. Big-league bonus offers soon reached such a point that he put college athletic scholarships out of his mind—though he is seriously

thinking of starting college this fall.

Tony finally signed with the Red Sox, who had matched the high figure offered by the Baltimore Orioles. The price has never been revealed, though Tony now says it was "the equivalent" of \$125,000 given in one taxable bundle. He splurged on the Sting Ray, but the rest of the money has gone into blue-chip stocks and East Boston property. (Mr. and Mrs. Sal Conigliaro may have more bonus investing to do for their other two children. Billy, 16, batted .527 this spring as a junior at Swampscott High; Richie, 12, is hitting in the .600s in Little League.)

After signing Tony, Boston sent him to the semiofficial winter-time Florida Instructional League, where he batted only about .220. He had never been able to hit a good curve in high school and had not even seen a slider before. But, typically, he came back from Florida full of confidence, and when he went to his first spring-training camp in 1963 he started off by hitting six home runs. "I was ready for anything they threw, because now I'd seen it," he says. That season—after his first barren 16 at bats—he tore up the New York-Pennsylvania League, ending with a batting average of .363, a slugging percentage of .730 and the Most Valuable Player award, and his surprise major league performance followed.

Tony's parents are very proud of him, of course, and they are at Fenway Park every game to watch their eldest son. So are Tony's younger brothers, when not involved in important games of their own up in Swampscott. Tony's buddies show up, too, when there is nothing better to do, like maybe go to a drive-in. If they're not at the game, Tony catches up with them afterward.

If he had signed with Baltimore, say, he would have had to find new friends and adapt to a whole new city and a new environment where nobody else said "strabberries and cahn flecks." But instead, there he is, hanging with the same friends, making the same places and living at home with his parents and Billy and Richie, just like always. The only real difference is that he goes to Fenway Park to play ball instead of St. Mary's High. Maybe when you are 19, and it only takes you a couple of minutes longer to get from home to someplace new, you don't have time to realize how much has happened. Maybe that's why Tony C. isn't too impressed by it all. **END**



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The horse they called crazy

A new, disciplined Ayres hed the last nicker, winning brilliantly at Yonkers to become the favorite for trotting's Triple Crown

When John Simpson came to New York last week for the Yonkers Futurity, no one was sure just what kind of animal he was training for the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown. His bay colt, Ayres, had been variously called a rogue, a gay neurotic, an outlaw and a suitable subject for Sigmund Freud. Well, he may have been all those things once, but Ayres is now the favorite of sane, sensible horsemen for September's Hambletonian and October's Kentucky Futurity and a place in trotting history beside the two previous Triple Crown horses, Scott Frost and Speedy Scot.

At Yonkers, Ayres brilliantly outsped the Futurity field, winning by three and a half lengths in 2:01½, track record time for 3-year-olds. His phenomenal final half in 57½ seconds left one horseman wondering if something had gone wrong with the raceway's automatic timer.

Before that tremendous performance there were trotting men who wondered if Ayres, a son of Star's Pride owned by Mrs. Charlotte Sheppard, might revert to his old loco habits. There was a full moon over Yonkers last Thursday and if any transformation was

to take place, it seemed a likely time.

One afternoon last year at Delaware, Ohio, Ayres set a world record of 2:00½ in the first heat of a stake for 2-year-olds, and the same day, in the third heat, some kind of record for equine eccentricity. In the middle of the race he abruptly trotted off the track and back to his stall. "Ayres," Simpson insisted nonetheless, "is not a bad-mannered horse." He had an explanation for the Delaware affair. The colt was keyed up and tense. Simpson had seen signs of trouble building. Ayres, who has astonishing natural speed, had raced the previous week in deep mud at Washington Park and had become frantic laboring through the heavy muck. He could not move with his customary light, sure step. Even so, he finished third to Speedy Count, the eventual 2-year-old champion, who won in a snaillike 2:09½.

"At Delaware," Simpson recalls, "the colt literally ran away in the first heat. He was tight and nervous. Between heats I changed his equipment—put a blind bridle on him, thinking it might quiet him—but it made things worse. In the next heat he pulled a boot, got bad-

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HARNESS RACING

gated and was beaten. Looking back, I know I should have scratched him from the race-off, but I was mad at him and he got mad at me and that's when he took off back to the barn."

Simpson realized the colt could not be forced. "If you ever whipped him," he says, "he would only fight back. He's got that quality of athletes like Ruth, Williams, Hornung and Hartack. His attitude seems to be, 'I'm Ayres. Who are you?' Most horses don't want to win, or at least don't care about winning. This horse does. He is cocky, sassy and always challenging you."

Fortunately, Simpson is a patient man. There is no horseman better at schooling headstrong, difficult colts than this South Carolinian with the stern, disciplinary manner toward wayward minors. He stands straight, says little and sizes up offenders through silver-rimmed spectacles, looking more like a schoolmaver than a master trainer.

Simpson took Ayres to Orlando, Fla. last winter and spent hundreds of hours driving the colt behind and between horses and working him hard behind the starting gate. "It was the consistent work, the repetition, that made him settle down," Simpson says.

Ayres came to Yonkers with four wins in five starts this year, having been defeated only by the free-for-all trotter Marco Hunover. In a return match he whipped Mareo. The colt's speed was never doubted. It amazed horsemen. But they were not wholly convinced that Simpson's reform school had taken the sass out of him.

If Ayres kept his head and stayed on the track and on gait, they reasoned, only one horse had any chance of defeating him. That was Billy Haughton's rangy black trotter Speedy Count, the sire of Castleton Farm's Horse of the Year for 1963, Speedy Scot. Speedy Count and Ayres had met six times and had split victories 3-3. Speedy Count was fast but thoroughly dependable and, like Ayres, the winner of four of his five 1964 starts. Ayres had beaten him by three-quarters of a length at The Meadows in June, but Speedy Count had popped a splint in the race and had come out of it sore. Popped splints are usually treated with a firing iron, after which the horse must be given a rest, but with a busy 3-year-old campaign ahead Billy Haughton had to find a

faster remedy. One morning a small metal box was flown to Saratoga, where Speedy Count had been shipped. That afternoon a veterinarian opened the box, took two radioactive pellets from it and inserted them in the colt's legs. Three days later Speedy Count won the Battle of Saratoga Stakes "in hand," and 12 days after that, at Vernon Downs, he beat Dartmouth, Bold Viking and Big John—all Hambletonian contenders—in sensational time, two minutes flat.

Speedy Count was the bargain colt of the Hambletonian crop. Haughton had picked him up as a yearling for Florida real estate man Arthur Nardin for only \$2,200, and the Count had made a fancy profit for Nardin, winning 25 races all told and \$127,890.

The rubber match between the colts at Yonkers seemed to be a toss-up, although Ayres, in drawing the No. 4 post, gained a slight advantage. Speedy Count drew just outside him in post 5.

On the Monday before the Futurity, those who believe in the powers of black cats and broken mirrors shuddered as Haughton cheerfully agreed to pose for publicity shots holding what purported to be a sack of loot and gazing at the race trophy, which was brimming with stage money. The sack, which was labeled \$120,000, contained only crumpled morning newspapers.

On race night Simpson took Ayres out early to warm him up. The colt played about, pricked his ears, wiggled and jiggled and pretended he was going to kick Simpson. This is an Ayres ritual and John has learned to put up with it. He says, "The colt is always bluffing. He takes his own time about getting round the track, and when he's going the wrong way he does a silly little dog trot, carries his head to one side and as much as says to me, 'I dare you to do anything to me.' I don't. I just sit there."

After their own warmups, the Futurity drivers gathered at the paddock fence. They ribbed Stanley Dancer, the driver of Bold Viking, about his sudden interest in flying and his new twin-engine plane. There was some salesmanship and a few tall tales, but as race time approached tension grew and the drivers drifted off. Then the Futurity colts were led up the paddock slope to the track. The drivers slid into the sulkies and paraded past the grandstand. Dorothy Haughton, Billy's pretty blonde wife, looked wistfully at Ayres as he trotted off. "I had his brother, Terrell," she said, "but his legs just didn't work that way."

On their final score the horses passed the paddock gate—all, that is, but Ayres. Remembering Delaware, Simpson hadn't the slightest notion of letting him anywhere near such an invitation to play hooky. He stopped the colt at the end of the backstretch, turned him and let him dogtrot back to the gate.

At the start Simpson left like a quail bursting from cover. As the horses entered the backstretch, Ayres took the lead from Bold Viking, a quick starter who had an inside post. Speedy Count was trotting third. They went the first half in a slow 1:03 3/4's but, passing the grandstand, Houghton pulled his colt to the outside, drawing a roar from the crowd of 29,187, and as they went around the turn into the backstretch again Speedy Count was lapped on Ayres. They did that quarter in a brilliant 28 1/2's and blazed into the final turn neck and neck as Simpson implacably kept Houghton and Speedy Count parked out. The extra distance Speedy Count had covered took its toll. As they turned into the short Yonkers stretch, Ayres pulled away. Coming off the turn Speedy Count's hind leg buckled over, but he recovered and trotted back up on stride. He finished second, a length and a quarter ahead of Ralph Baldwin's Dartmouth and three and a quarter lengths in front of Bold Viking.

No one remembered if there was a time when 3-year-olds had gone such a half. Houghton came back shaking his head. "Ayres is too much the best," he said, perching on a rail. "The only chance I might have to beat him is if I ever get him parked out. You know, these horses would beat the free-for-allers right now."

Simpson returned, beaming. His horse had been cleared of charges. There would be no more talk about Ayres being a psycho. Simpson had sent him to the lead immediately, he explained. "because if you have a horse that can race in front, it's a good place to be on this track. I thought he'd be all right. I tested him out a bit in his last race, letting him get to the top, then easing him back."

An hour later Simpson sat back and relaxed in the clubhouse. A pen, a program and a Martin on the rocks were in front of him. He worked out how much Ayres had earned in the race—\$57 1/2 of \$116,691, or \$64,180. Then he said to the man sitting next to him, "You know, maybe I should have gone for a world record, but I was thinking of all that money."

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THE WORD FOR NEW YORK



IS BUSH

So says the enfant terrible of the San Francisco press after glaring into coy saloons that cater to the button-down mind and finding that a loser is a winner at a stadium called Chez Shea by CHARLES McCABE

As a San Francisco sports columnist it is my fortune from time to time to nip back to the East Coast of America to see what's with the provinces and the sporting life therein. For us athletic authors this is known as getting perspective. It is also a handy way to get out from under the boss's eye for a spell. When you return, too, you can show travel by telling the boys at the Buena Vista Café how things are in what is laughingly called the Sports Capital of the World. They won't be jealous.

This time my assignment was simple enough. Look at New York in general, dows down for a couple of weeks, have a few drinks in the fancier traps, peck at the high cuisine insofar as the old liver would allow and give deep scrutiny to the New York Mets, a baseball team and seemingly the only game in town. Also construe that figurine from the commedia dell'arte, Mr. Casey Stengel. Not to speak of that other figurine, Mr. Yogi Berra.

I've lived in San Francisco in recent years, but I also speak as a bucko who was born in Roosevelt Hospital on the West Side, grew up in Hell's Kitchen and lower Harlem and got my schooling in academies from Riverside all the way down to Second Street and Second Avenue. This last-mentioned institution was across the street from Rumshinsky and Kalch's Yiddish theater, usually starring Molly Picon.

One quickly was aware, upon returning, that some changes had been made. The streets were now about as safe as the back alleys of Port Said or Marseille. The subways were being used as abattoirs by drunken teen-age louts. A girl could get raped at Columbus Circle while several thousand alert citizens walked by muttering, "Never volunteer." The whole place, it occurred to me on Fifth Avenue one day, is the town of Tawdry, on the port of Pinchbeck, in the borough of Brummagram. And though one knew it was coming, it was still hard to get used to the drubbing they give you. It was no consolation to know that people get pushed around only if they let themselves be pushed around. Too many had already capitulated to make resistance to the Big Gouge effective.

New York is an adulterated city, and in many ways a sick city. But the word that most frequently comes to my mind is the epithet from the harsh lexicon of baseball: *bush*. The word has a flexible but unmistakable meaning, ranging from what won't cut the mustard to what you wouldn't be caught dead doing. There was a time when *bush*, almost by definition, meant anything that happened outside the city limits of New York. Bushville started in Hoboken. Now, it seems to me, it's getting to be the other way around. And fast.

When I got to town this summer a funny thing happened—an establishing scene right off of a well-made play. It told everything, almost. I was to stay at the New York Hilton, one of the new excrescences on Sixth Avenue. I looked with wry affection at the street signs, still gallantly protesting that I was on the Avenue of the Americas. Fiorello La Guardia christened it that in the '40s. He also said at another time that when he made a mistake it was a *bust*.

I strode into the lobby of this tower of irrelevance. It was busy as a gelatin-side culture of bugs. I asked to pick up a reservation that had been made four months earlier. It had been confirmed a few days before. It had been confirmed again that very morning. A smiley clerk with a mouth full of lovely white teeth listened as I told my name. He darted into the crannies behind the welcome desk. He was back in a minute, the smile subdued like an oath in a tearoom.

"I'm sorry, sir, we're filled up," I said. "The reservation was made four months ago by one of your most valued clients and confirmed twice, and on your promise of a place to sleep I have traveled over 3,000 miles."

The mortuary manners continued, "I'm so sorry, sir . . ."

I said, "Being sorry butters no parsnips. What happened to my room?"

The clerk was shocked into efficiency. "You see, sir, we didn't have as many checkouts as we expected."

"That's a hell of an excuse. Am I to get pushed around because you goof?"

"I wouldn't put it quite that way, sir."

"And how should I put it, and just what should I do about it?"

He pointed across the Stygian lobby. "You might talk to the assistant manager about putting you up at another hotel."

Mildly exhilarated by the exchange, I walked across to the assistant manager's desk, where sat a comely girl of about 22, wearing a dark-blue frock, speaking English with a German accent and trying to subdue three telephones. She was attempting to get hotel space for four Tokyo businessmen who had traveled a lot farther than I had for the privilege of being pushed around.

The Japanese had the view that a confirmed reservation at a reputable hotel was a vested interest. I shared this view. Twenty minutes later I had a room. An hour and a half later I was in it. The other hotel was a Hilton, match. This is a jolly arrangement for the Hiltons. They can lay off a packed profitable hotel against a dog, rather like laying off heavy money from a favored horse. The system pleases everybody but the sucker. But that's New York, buddy, and you can like it or lump it.

I was getting the message. The Big Gouge was on. At my back I felt the invisible cop pushing me along, telling me to get moving. Mac, before I messed up the rate of turnover of suckers.

The room had, and the tub taken, the next thing was to find somewhere to get properly sloshed. Or, as we say in the Paris of the West, get a heat on. A culture is no better than the saloons it produces. A quarter century ago the salient New York spa was Irish-owned, by a lad who was one-third publican, one-third priest and one-third Tammany Hall street leader. The bartender was called Paddy, whether that was his name or not. In winter there was a bottle of mulligan in the center of the bar. The business of these establishments was drinking, and nothing else. These places came out of a robust, contentious and authentic tradition. Their like possibly still exists in New York, and maybe in sizable number, but the tourist, which I was instructed to be, does not come by them. What happened to them? It's simple. When I was a kid nobody born

continued

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(don't you wish everybody did?)

in New York ever called himself a New Yorker. That was for the guys who came from somewhere else, the wanderers, who in the end became permanent, career New Yorkers. These lads had no real commitment to the place. They had come to the big town to score. To remain spiritually at ease, they built an enclave which became a sort of super-Cleveland. This is midtown Manhattan, a horrific glass canyon where the only honest buildings are the old churches and the Racquet Club, which looks rather like an old church.

Now, the honest saloon tradition still more or less obtains in San Francisco. Out our way we don't have much in the line of museum life, except for a pretty good aquarium. But the men have had time to form salutary drinking habits, habits which the ladies, with all the determination in the world, have not been wholly able to banish.

In the very best Frisco saloons women are not exactly forbidden, but they clearly understand they are not welcome in Breen's on Third Street, the House of Shields on New Montgomery, and Day's in the Tenderloin. These are all hearty, masculine quaffing joints, where the talk is of Willie McCovey and the outer-managerial habits of Alvin Dark. True, there was a recent crisis among Frisco's career drinkers when the four-bit drink began to go down the drain. (Out there a drink is an ounce or more, no nonsense.) This lamentable sign of progress was greeted with deep grunts of distaste, but we tossed and splashed in a nervous glass (I haven't seen these in the East. They are tumblers with serrated lower halves to annul the shakes. Their use is indicated before noon, seldom after.)

For anyone accustomed to this spacious drinking tradition, a visit to a thing like Toots Shor's emporium on 52nd Street, just about the New York Hilton, is like a blow in the face. I had known Shor's slightly in the old days and had my own view of it; but various sporting types around the country had said I should try the new joint. Well, let me tell you. My earlier opinion stands. You are allowed to put out \$1.10 for a whisky. You get in return a plastic plate

with your change on it—which seems to indicate the bartender thinks he is being underpaid by Mr. Shor, which may or may not be true. You end up by paying out \$1.35 for the privilege of hearing a lot of con men in Austin Reed suits tell each other what they told Bill Peley in the CBS gents' room, and how Mr. P. nodded agreeably in return. It ain't worth it, at \$1.35 per pop.

If you are right lucky you may have your car bent by the owner himself. He'll be glad to tell you the Giants are going to win the pennant and that he just told Horace so on the phone. He will acknowledge that most of his best customers are obnoxious rumbums. You think what you will, but for my part this bundle of boyish charm is loud and pugnacious. Why the clientele takes it from him is one of the mysteries of the great city, like why the bodies of the drowned rise at the same time each year in the East River. But my friends were right enough. Like the whole island of Manhattan, Shor's is a sight to see.

This is just one aspect of the Crisis of the Saloon in New York. The thing started about 20 years ago, a crisis no bigger than a man's pinkie. Some wise guy from *The New Yorker* found something indescribably cute about the charm of an Irish saloon—in this case, McSorley's down on East 7th Street.

The best thing that can be said of the author is that he knew a good thing when he saw it; the worst, that he damn near ruined the place. The readers of his infatuated prose were mostly the kind of bargain seekers who will make a weekend trip to New Paltz because Clementine Paddleford found a *hôte* there that does gorgeous things with eggplant. These and their siblings flocked down to McSorley's to gape at the pot-bellied stove, the sawdust on the floor and, of course, the crusty old Irish drinkers. Time was when the ale was served in a porcelain mug. It still is, if you buy the mug for \$1.50.

The McSorley article marked the start of the mystique of the Irish saloon in New York, a bad thing all around. Seldom has so much goodness been de-

bauched by so few, again, mostly *The New Yorker* crowd and the intellectual bandits from the ad agencies. Third Avenue was where the locusts swarmed with greatest effect. They came in about the same time the El went out. When they come, grass never grows again. The spoilers brought in the brightest flowers from Louisiana State University and the avant-garde of Detroit. These fellows put their cordovan brogues on the brass rails and became familiar with bartenders named Tim and Owen, whose names were really Paddy. They were living! It was, and it is, a sight to make the sprites weep.

The worst-used of the Third Avenue bars are P. J. Clarke's at 55th and Tim Costello's at 44th. Both were once real Irish saloons. They catered to the shanty. You got a good drink; and, if you wanted it, a disquisition on the great hunger strike of Terence McSwiney against the hairy British, or the latest scabrous thing Dr. Gogarty had to say about Yeats. As saloons should be, they were places where you could invite your soul, defeat your enemies and be promoted in fantasy to a \$30,000-a-year job because you had the guts to tell the boss off. You cosseted your banger as a mother would her son after he had been decked in his first street fight. These dives were bliss.

And then the blight. The outsiders from the Midwest with their tidy felt fedoras and their sweated women (oh, those women) began to louse up the barroom floors. It is characteristic of these predators that they Take Over. They took over Clarke's and Costello's. It was a sad thing, like those other instant New Yorkers who took over the honest structure of a brownstone, cleaned the outside, gussied up the inside with Swedish Modern and tripled the rent. A good thing had been hollowed out. Its bones had been trimmed with tinsel, the price had been wildly marked up. In the end everybody had been cheated.

A city like this deserves the Mets. The romance of New York with the Mets is a dandy example of water meeting its own level. In this curious conjunction we have true bushtness. The team is bush.

continued

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First Ken Venturi won the 1964 USGA Open playing Registered Royal, the only ball so clearly superior every one is registered. Then Bobby Nichols took the PGA crown, making it two of the most coveted American tournaments in a row won by professionals playing Registered Royal. Just a coincidence?

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The cult that has grown up around it is bushier.

There is an uncommon lot of malarkey spilled by the sporting authors about the new breed, the cult of the loser, the Metnik and such. That the club is hotter than a blowtorch goes without saying. Look at those 20,000 free tickets the Yankee organization handed to buckles recently in a wild attempt to jack up attendance. At the time of this startling display of largess the Mets had drawn 637,000 through the gates of Chez Shen, while the Yanks had suckered only 388,000.

The Metnik, a biological sport first thrown up on Coogan's Bluff in Harlem, is the loser who knows it. The object of his affections is the worst team that ever played major league baseball, if that's what it is. The Metnik glories in the fact that he will never score, nohow, at nothing. He's the one who says, "You can't win 'em all," when others say, "How do you do?"

The Metnik loves his Mets like the cat loves his liver. He feels for his Tracy Stallards and Joe Christophers the same deep, extravagant affection the English Prime Minister Mr. Gladstone used to expend on the streetwalkers of Piccadilly when he tried to move their hearts toward God.

"I've been a Met fan all my life," is the splendid phrase that continues to ring the length and breadth of the five boroughs. It was minted when the Mets were not yet a year old. It is a stirring tribute to the world's losingest ball club that the phrase seems to have been around forever. The Mets fill a need, a need that some of us had not known existed before. But that is the kind of need New York is always filling. A lot of losers never knew it until the Mets arrived. This is a considerable achievement in therapeutic insight. Dr. Stengel, it might be said, has done more good for America than the late Dr. Freud has done harm.

Only a few months ago it was the Mets, not the Yanks, who were hotly merchandising. They announced they were giving away King Korn Stamps to hype the gate. Supermarket customers in the New York area got 2.5 million

trading stamps in a big drawing in connection with the opening of Chez Shen in April. Another 5,000 customers got free tickets for the opener. This economic breakthrough could only have been thought up by a team that in 1962 lost 120 games and last year lost 22 straight on the road.

The idea that watching a Mets game is somehow a *reward* is perfectly splendid insouciance. It's like offering a fifth of Old Popskull to a temperance worker as a reward for activity above and beyond the call of duty. Yet there is no doubt the Met magnates know their man. By brassily pretending that a ticket to a Mets game is some sort of prize, they will doubtless make it some sort of prize. In the days of Mr. Hitler this used to be called the technique of the Gross Fibi. In ad circles it's called savvy.

The Met fans have muchly been talked about. Most of what has been written is bunk. If you wanted to see the epitome of the real article you could have walked

around the Polo Grounds any night after a Met game there and immediately sensed the secret of their fabled élan. Strong drink. Among them are the kind of worthies who sit in bars on Tenth Avenue, on Fordham Road, on Bergen Street in Brooklyn and gaze at their images in the mirrors as they toss down their shots with beer chasers and feel sorry for themselves. There was a time they had no place to go. Now they feel sorry for themselves, and they think of the Mets, who are worse off than they are, and springs of spurious love and affection are loosed. The next thing you know, they are out in the ball park with their friendly bottles, feeling sorry for everybody on the field. Great.

None of this has anything to do with baseball, much less big league baseball. The secret of the Mets' success is that they are freaks. Simply this, and we must not allow those mystical fellas who write for the sports pages to let us forget it.

The team and its manager, the ineffa-

The Mets' great fakir, he could run everything by winning.



With the uncompromising fanaticism of a samurai warrior confronted by a dozen grinning foes, the people of Japan recently have thrown themselves into a multitude of sports—mainly Western—as eager participants or frenzied spectators or both. As a pleasant economic corollary to this orgy of athletics, there are manufacturing sports goods for export at a greater clip than ever before and, paradoxically, importing sporting goods at the greatest rate in their history.

Sports are big business and big pleasure in Japan. This is partly due to the fact that the forthcoming Olympic Games have for several months been making a vast impression on the nation as a whole. But the main reason is probably something the Japanese call the *ryō boom*. Literally translated (and there is no other way to translate it), this means the "leisure boom." The Japanese have more time on their hands and more change in their pockets than ever before. Their traditional zeal, their extra time and extra money have been channeled into sports. Nowhere in the world are athletes more deified, sports spectacles more appreciated or athletics engaged in (on a per-capita basis) by so many.

Magnetic Fujiyama, which used to be climbed by some adventurers for athletic and aesthetic reasons, now resembles Tokyo's bustling Ginza, with traffic jams up and down its slopes.

Baseball, bowling and golf—all American or European imports—have made serious inroads on such traditional sports as kendo (dueling with staves) and judo. Sumo is still booming as a spectator sport, but 10 times as many Japanese attend major league baseball games as watch the large perspiring men grapple with each other.

Sport is a 24-hour-a-day, year-round activity in Japan, and the average Japanese puts up with discomforts in the pursuit of his favorite activity that would make most Westerners shudder and take up reading. Last winter, Japan's 10 million skiers produced such mob scenes at bus terminals and railroad depots that rescue squads carrying portable oxygen tanks had to spray oxygen in the air to revive those who found themselves unable to breathe because of the crush.

During summer weekends Japan's beaches look the way Coney Island used to on the Fourth of July. Bathing occupies every square centimeter of sand and, if

one can break through the crowds and find the ocean, the usual complaint is that nowhere is there a single clear patch of water to swim in. The Japanese not only bowl in staggering numbers, they jam the lanes to watch bowling.

Baseball, however, is the national sport of Japan. The average roofer among the nine million pro-ball fans is so dedicated to his team that he is likely to follow it as it travels from city to city. It is the well-to-do shopkeeper who seems to be the most ardent baseball fan of all. He and his colleagues, never missing a game, encourage their team by blowing trumpets, beating drums and shouting whistles. He showers tons of confetti on his favorites, or on fans near his favorites. While traveling with his team, the shopkeeper usually deputizes his wife to run the business. One baseball widow has complained, "I don't mind running the store, but I don't like the idea of sitting up all night cutting up confetti for my husband to throw away at the ball park."

The Japanese are influenced in their enthusiasm for a sport by the personal appearances of superstars from the West and by their own successes against Westerners. Golfing took a surge when a pair of Japanese players won the Canada Cup in 1957 and another surge when Arnold Palmer performed in Japan a year ago. A good many of the members of Arnie's Army (Oriental Division) apparently were inspired to take up the game seriously, because the popularity of the game rose markedly thereafter. Now Japan has 318 courses in operation, 42 more being built and scores more in the planning stage. Skiing, in recent years a popular sport in Japan, received additional impetus when Tom Sailer, the handsome triple Olympic-gold-medal winner from Austria, came to Japan to make a movie. Thousands more of Japanese males took up the sport and even more thousands of Japanese young ladies abandoned strumming the samisen and attending Kabuki to learn to *ski* the way Tom did.

Japan, the first Asiatic nation to play host to the Olympic Games, will spend about 700 billion yen (\$2 billion) to make sure things go off all right. But to the American sportsman the incredible Japanese fervor for sport is reflected not so much in shiny new stadiums and athletes' barracks in the vicinity of Tokyo as in the low-priced, less-than-top-quality Japanese-made sporting goods that

Three Big Banzais and a Tiger for All Sports

by PAUL STEWART

More time, more money and the spell of the Olympics have made the Japanese a sports-mad nation

have been flooding the American market.

According to many Japanese, Americans have every right to label imported Japanese sporting goods as second-rate because they are second-rate. An official of the Japanese Ministry of Trade and Industry explains, "We are caught in an economic trap. Our overseas customers do not know about the excellent products we can produce, because at present the principal selling factor is cheapness of price."

Japan's growing pride in her sporting-goods industry, as well as her all-consuming interest in sports, may cause a change in the near future. Kenjiro Mizuno, vice-president of the Mizuno Sporting Goods Co., would like to see Japanese manufacturers concentrate on high quality. "Japan exports only second-rate sporting goods," he points out. "This gives the impression that she can produce only second-rate goods. I feel the time has come for the Japanese sporting-goods industry to produce better-quality products, even if the price is higher." The Japanese themselves do not mind paying high prices if they can get good quality. Mr. Mizuno's company sells 95% of its quality products to the Japanese and is the largest sporting-goods supplier in Japan. If the firm should become seriously involved in exporting its higher-priced goods to America, Mr. Mizuno looks forward to giving major U.S. firms serious competition.

Despite the fact that Japanese manufacturers producing the best-quality sporting goods have not yet gotten both

continued



feet into the export business. Japan shipped to the U.S. last year more than \$18 million worth of sports equipment—apart from bicycles and motorcycles. In the historic pattern of workshop manufacture, Japanese of both sexes and all ages are paroled out contracts to produce such items of sports equipment as baseball gloves, badminton rackets and fishing lures, and solemnly go to work.

In 1963 three out of five baseball gloves bought in the U.S. were made in Japan. Costing between \$5 and \$10, they were quite satisfactory for Little Leaguers, sandlotters and for youngsters playing catch with their fathers. The Japanese also shipped to the U.S. \$3.5 million tennis and badminton rackets, a quarter of a million tennis balls, 900,000 artificial fishing lures, nearly half a million fishing rods and numerous skis, golf clubs, lacrosse sticks, roller skates, ice skates, croquet sets and balls of just about every size, material and dimension. So satisfying to the Japanese are sales in the U.S. of baseball gloves, badminton rackets and other products that the firms and workshops producing these voluntarily limit themselves to export quotas for fear of drawing down on their heads reprisals in the form of higher tariffs.

That the Japanese can, when they set their minds to it, produce a superior piece of sports merchandise is shown by the electrifying success of the Honda motorcycle. The Honda firm was started in 1948 by Soichiro Honda, a former auto mechanic, who began constructing motorcycles from spare machine parts—generally relics of World War II. Today his motorcycles typify a new excellence in Japanese manufacture that has won him the ungrudging admiration of the Western world.

When Honda introduced his motorcycles into the U.S. in 1959, only 500 machines were sold, last year Hondas swept just about every motorcycle race they entered, from Spain to Finland and all stops in between; and last year 100,000 Hondas were sold in the U.S.—three times the total sales of the firm's 44 competitors. A British motorcycle competitor of Honda, bemused at his failure to defeat the Japanese machine, recently took a Honda racer apart. When he had thoroughly inspected the

machine he said, "It isn't a copy of anything. It's made with the precision of a watch, and it's the product of very original thinking." The Honda firm is putting the finishing touches on a sports car designed for Grand Prix racing, and may unveil its efforts at one of the major meets this fall.

But the sporting-goods export business is a two-way street. Because of the current preoccupation of the Japanese with sport and their adulation of Western know-how, U.S. manufacturers of sporting goods have found the Japanese, in turn, to be quite receptive to American products. A.M.F. and Brunswick supply all the equipment for Japanese bowling emporia. Japanese businessmen, like their sporty American counterparts, mix business with the tee ceremony and tend to lose face on the course if they don't waggle a matched set of American-made clubs. Japanese touring the U.S. make it a point to return to Japan with a bagful of American clubs (one set is duty-free), just as the American visiting Japan makes sure to come home with a Nikon camera or at least a kimono.

Japan imported 600 dozen bats from the U.S. last year. According to Shigen Kibe, editor of an influential Japanese sports magazine, "All pro ballplayers use imported gloves and must use imported bats." The quality of Japanese bats is low because of the brittleness of Japanese hardwood trees. To make matters worse (according to Mr. Kibe), manufacturers hasten the seasoning process, and what emerges has the resistance of a matchstick. Half a dozen broken bats in a single professional game is not uncommon. As a result, Japanese ballplayers, as hard-headed as athletes anywhere, tend to prefer the Louisville Slugger over homemade bats.

Japan's next enthusiasm may be surfing. A party of American surfers, traveling around the world on a map-making tour, recently tried out a number of Japanese beaches. Every time the surfers climbed atop their boards and surged shoreward, buffeted by the waves, the thousands of Japanese lining the beach would rush to the water's edge, leap up and down and shout with excitement. It is not inconceivable that Japan will soon be manufacturing low-priced surfboards for export to the U.S., and American manufacturers, in turn, will be shipping out surfboards for sale to the hippest of Nippon's surfers.

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PUERTO RICO'S INSTANT PARADISE



by Peter Griffiths

It's usually hard to tell the exact moment when a tourist attraction comes into fashion, but not with Puerto Rico. It happened on the day the Caribe Hilton opened. The hotel filled up right away and it's been busy ever since. And no wonder. Situated on a beautiful 17-acre estate jutting out into the ocean, with the ancient Spanish quarter of San Juan to the West and the exciting modern city to the East, the Caribe Hilton offers an endless variety of delights . . . sporting, sumptuous and spectacular.

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The Caribe Hilton's sweeping, reef-protected beach of coral sand has everything you need for sailing, skin diving, water-skiing and just plain basking. There's a private pier, too, where the fish are very cooperative. On shore, there are two huge swimming pools, championship tennis courts, bowling and shuffleboard. And

golf is available at the Dorado Hilton Hotel & Country Club, a short drive away.

Step back four centuries

The Caribe Hilton has its own Spanish fortress right next door. And a short cab ride brings you to the four-hundred-year-old city of Old San Juan. Stroll narrow, twisting streets, paved with the blue ballast stone of the Spanish Galleons. Explore the huge fortress of El Morro that has a nine-hole golf course in its moat. Find treasures in the exciting shops and art galleries.



Step out to a Latin Beat

After dark at the Caribe Hilton you'll sip cocktails at the Caribar. Choose from the very finest in Caribbean, American or Continental cuisine in the superb Rotisserie Castillo, social center of San Juan night life. Dine and dance in the cosmopolitan Club Caribe, with top international stars to entertain you. Or sample Polynesian delicacies of Trader Vic's.



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hle Mr. Stengel, are in the tradition of such motley minions as Muckle John, the jester of Charles I, or the Duke of Suffolk's Dickey Pearce. The business orientation of the outfit brings back Mr. Barnum, who had the fields of his winter circus quarters in Bridgeport, Conn. plowed by elephant power that was rapidly hitched up when the fast train from New York was pushing, and only then.

Chief among these eccentric polishes was to choose, and keep, baseball's leading clown as manager. Mr. Stengel is pretty much an ancient fraud. I've never been among those who subscribed to the view that he was a genius at the child's game called baseball. He has been in the game all his life, over half a century. He was a good player, but as a manager, whether of the Dodgers or the Braves, he was a nothing.

Lightning struck, and he was given the Yankees. I could be the greatest nton in baseball if they gave me the Yanks. You could be, too. So could Stengel—and he was, for 10 glorious years. He was glorified, St. Thomas Aquinas once suggested that beastly exists in the eye of the beholder. Now here is this more true than in baseball. Running the Yanks was as tough as running a crooked slot machine.

When Casey was cunned by the noble Bronx organization he had his chance to get lost, become enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen and get a little berth in Cooperstown's Hall of Fame, which is about as phony as Casey's rep. But no. The contagion had hit the great man. Because the fans kept yelling, Mr. Stengel got enraptured.

Then baseball's Establishment gave him a slot machine with the wrong kind of odds going for it, the Mets. For two years the fans were grateful that the town was once more in the league, that New York again had National League ball after Squire Stoneham's flight from the Polo Grounds. The world's greatest manager overnight became the world's worst manager.

There are strong signs the honeymoon is over. A segment of the disc jockey corps (those formidable opinion-makers) has turned on the Honorable Casey. The boys began their defection just as

Casey's hair turned from silver to a darling russet brown. (Making him look like Dorian Gray's uncle, says the *Herald Trib's* Hal Rosenthal.) Casey dyed his locks, it is said, at the suggestion of the imagemakers, the better to talk commercials. The jocks turned on Casey although he's a colleague of sorts.

Why is so much of the town on the old man's back? Why do the bars and delicatessens resound with his dispraise? What can have happened? Casey is no better or worse than he ever was. Maybe a bit more ill-tempered, a bit more vain. This is to be understood. A man's characteristics either disappear or coagulate in his 70s.

I think perhaps the Polo Grounds, or rather its absence, may be at the bottom of the change. The old field is now going back to dust. It was in the most dangerous part of the city. The white man went there at night at his peril. The place suited the Met fan. The team at present plays in a resplendent hippodrome next to the resplendent World's Fair. The cellar leaders have been placed in an ambience of respectability, whether they like it or not. The losers who were so at home in the dark Harlem purloins seem ill at ease in the Flushing sunlight. The kids with clean shirts are making inroads. Where it will all end, who knows? One thing is sure. Respectability has tarnished the magnificently bad qualities of the Mets.

If everything were *pura in sport* in baseball, there would be no tale to tell here. But the name of the game is loot. The real pennant race is the gate contest between the Mets and Yanks. I need hardly tell you that baseball—which the Yanks play good, and the Mets lousy—has nothing to do with the gate in this case, although the visits of the Giants and Dodgers to Shea have engorged the cash register, and will continue to. No, it's Stengel vs. Berra. And that new thing, the cult of the loser.

I would not like to be in Mr. Berra's shoes. If he wins the pennant and Series, he proves nothing, unless he turns out to be a show biz whiz of transcendent value—which ain't happened yet. If he comes

in second with the best team in the business, he's a bum.

Despite the semipublic mutterings, Brother Stengel seems quite secure. The only thing that can affect his solid status would be an uprising in the ranks. The boys might decide to win a couple of games. The Mets could end up ninth in the standings instead of 10th, and this would be murder.

The Mets need to remain superlatively bad if they are to hold the affections of the rabble of barbers who identify with their misfortunes. Nothing less than lust will do for the true Metnik. Should the team escalate to mediocrity (as the State Department might put it), they would be dead. A freak must remain unique, or what's the point? The second tallest midget in the world?

The Metnik is a wallower. He likes to wallow in great pools of self-pity, as we've seen. How can you wallow properly unless you are the worst? If the Mets go to playing .500 ball, they might end up playing it to 500 people. I suspect Mr. Stengel is too shrewd a man to break out in an attack of victory. But there is in all of us that streak of the Old Nick which on occasion makes us, though in-advertently and even unwilling, pursue the bitch goddess Success. Let us all hope, and fervently, that Mr. Stengel keeps his head and does not listen to the siren duty of the goddess. Would he dare shrink his responsibilities and, in the dark of night, bring big league baseball to Flushing? I think not.

The result of Stengel's calculated syntax and the astoundingly bad quality of Met baseball, hit the Yanks hard in 1963. In 1962 the Yanks drew 1,493,574 but last year slipped to 1,308,920. Who will win? Yogi or Casey? The best athletes or the worst? Shea Stadium or a winning team? Boring perfection, or endearing ineptitude?

My money is, and has been, on the Mets. They have turned inside out one of the sagest (supposedly) of American political maxims. they are proving you can beat someone, and resoundingly, with no one.

And they are doing it by being hush, which is the thing to be these days in the Sports Capital of the World. **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE In PHILADELPHIA (5-3) 5,000 screaming, sign-toting, pennant-hungry fans showed up at the airport to welcome home the first-place Phils after a three-game sweep of the Braves. The wins at Milwaukee were big ones. For the fifth time this season the Phils appeared ready to fold, but for the fifth time they bounced back into a solid lead, this time by two games. Favorites with the cheering fans were Johnny Cullison (.324 and three HRs), who beat the Reds 4-3 with a three-run, ninth-inning homer, and Cookie Rojas, who played five positions during the week and hit .367, winning one game with a 10th-inning double. Two of the league's weaker teams helped the Phils lengthen their lead. The power-hitting CHICAGO Cubs (5-3) hit 10 homers and won three of four from the Giants to move briefly into the first division. But two late-week losses to the Colts stopped the Cubs' surge and dropped them to eighth again. The third-place CINCINNATI Reds (4-4) moved within 2½ games of first by winning two from the Phillies and then ran into the NEW YORK Mets (4-3). The Mets, who now have a 6-5 season edge on the Reds, took two games of a three-game series and knocked Cincy 4½ games out of the lead. For the New Yorkers, it was their first winning week since early May. The Mets hit eight homers to equal their best week of the year, with rookie Larry Elliot slugging four in four games. Lack of batting punch hurt the LOS ANGELES Dodgers (3-5) just as last year's champions looked ready to move up. And, though Sandy Koufax was his 15th game of the season with a 12-strikeout, 1-0 four-hitter, Dodger joy over his feat was short-lived; it was discovered that Don Drysdale had fractured the thumb of his pitching hand in practice the same night and would miss at least two turns. Hardly more threatening at the plate were the ST. LOUIS Cardinals

(2-5), who hit only three homers (as their pitchers allowed 36 runs) and fell back into the second division. The PITTSBURGH Pirates (4-3) snapped St. Louis pitching for 29 runs in three victories to move from fifth place up to fourth. Despite the hitting of Rico Carty (.429) and substitute Gene Oliver (.385 and two HRs), the MILWAUKEE Braves (3-4) could not maintain their fingertip grasp on fourth place. While the HOUSTON Colts' (4-4) pitchers won twice by 1-0 scores and allowed only 15 runs the entire week, Colt hitters stranded the team twice in 1-0 losses. Caught in the merry-go-round was Skinny Brown, who lost a 1-0 three-hitter to the Giants and later won by the same score over the Cubs. The SAN FRANCISCO Giants split eight games, with Juan Marichal winning twice. Billy O'Dell was bombed for 12 runs in one game when Manager Alvin Dark decided to let him stay in because he needed the week.

AMERICAN LEAGUE When the KANSAS CITY Athletics' (4-3) star shortstop, Wayne Camyer, was injured, a call went out to the A's farm club in Birmingham for a replacement. Dagoberto Campaneris hopped on a plane, flew all night and arrived next afternoon in time for the game—though without any sleep. By the time the day was over, Minnesota's pitchers wished that Campaneris had gone to the hotel for a siesta instead. He hit the first pitch thrown to him in the first inning for a home run, and followed it up with another homer in the seventh. He had three hits in all and three RBIs in the A's 4-3 win that day, and he finished the week with a .500 BA. The first-place BALTIMORE Orioles (5-3) also had luck with a new face. Dave Vineyard, a right-hander from Rochester, put the finishing touch on a glittering three-game run by Orioles pitchers with a two-hitter over the Sen-

ators. In two previous games, Robin Roberts threw a five-hitter and Wally Bunker a four-hitter. The Baltimore hitting was good, too, including 13 homers. Boog Powell hit three and had a .438 average. The NEW YORK Yankees (5-3) matched the Orioles' pace and remained one game out of first. Jim Bouton won twice, but all was not well with Yankee pitching. Whitey Ford lost one game and re-injured his gummy hip the next time out, making him a doubtful starter for the time being. The third-place CHICAGO White Sox (5-4) recovered their regular quota of good pitching but lost three low-run games. Pitcher Gery Peters, who lost a squeaker, won one for Reliever Hoyt Wilhelm with a 13th-inning pinch-hit home run. The LOS ANGELES Angels (6-3) continued to climb, this time all the way to fourth place, principally on good pitching (two wins for Bo Belinsky and Dean Chance's third straight shutout) and Wonderful Willie Smith's hitting (.364). For the second consecutive week Mudcat Grant was the only winner on the slumping MINNESOTA Twins' (1-6) staff. He stopped an eight-game losing streak with a 6-3 victory. The bottom Red Sox split eight games, as powerful hitting and weak pitching balanced out. The Sox hit 16 home runs for a two-week total of 32. Dick Stuart led the slugging with four homers and a .375 BA. The DETROIT Tigers (3-5) hit more homers (17) than Boston but won even fewer games. Al Kaline (.382 BA) and Dick McAuliffe hit four home runs each, but the pitchers allowed 52 runs. The WASHINGTON Senators (2-6), playing the top of the league, lost five to the Yanks and Orioles. The CLEVELAND Indians (5-3) took more of a liking to the leaders, defeating the top two four of six times. Two of the victories over the Orioles came on eighth-inning rallies, with John Romano (.346 BA) and Pitcher Dick Donovan providing key hits.



LUIS TIAIT: GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

The Cleveland Indians have had a terrible time this season with their pitching staff, which started off poorly and then got worse. During the last month the staff had only four complete games, and three starters had ERAs over 4.00. Small wonder that the Indians' front office decided to bring in some new blood and called up 23-year-old right-hander Luis Tiant, who was 11-1 at Portland. Tiant inherited his baseball talents from his father, who years ago played for the New York Cubans, and appears to have inherited his looks from ex-Dodger Don Newcombe. He went right to work changing the hitters' impression of Cleveland pitching. Throwing mostly fast balls in his debut be-

fore a big Sunday crowd at Yankee Stadium, the poised rookie shut out the Yanks on four hits. He also struck out 14, one shy of a 49-year-old record for American League rookies appearing in their first games. Cleveland Manager Birdie Tebbets was cautious about declaring Tiant the savior of his staff, but the Cuban's second game should have eased some of Birdie's doubts. He six-hit the Red Sox, striking out six and allowing just one run. If Tebbets was still not impressed, the Red Sox were. The Boston players began calling Tiant the "little bull," and Sox Manager Johnny Pesky gave the reason why. "He threw just as hard in the ninth as in the first." Maybe it's just that Birdie has not seen many of his starters throwing in the ninth lately.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EXCISION

Sirs:

As you suggest, *A Bold Proposal for American Sport* (July 27) by a bold man, Robert F. Kennedy, is certain to stir new discussions and appraisals of our athletic status.

I am sure everybody will agree that it is time for self-examination in our sports-governing bodies, AAU, NCAA, U.S. Olympic Committee, and it would be nice if the International Olympic Committee could be included. Maybe a little too much self-perpetuation has crept into the sports organizations. I, for one, don't have the easy answer that will make everything rosy. But the Astorsey General makes his case a little too ample by his proposal that a big foundation will suddenly solve all the problems. One way we can move a bit ahead, however, is to support Michigan Congressman John Levenski's bill to terminate the excise tax on all sporting goods equipment, a bill now before the House Ways and Means Committee. As Congressman Levenski says, "The economy would be greatly stimulated by the elimination of all these excise taxes and in the long run the government would receive greater revenue from sales to people who now hesitate to buy because of high prices."

RALPH A. DES ROCHEES

New York City

OLD HEM AND THE SEA

Sirs:

I would like to extend my warmest commendations to John Dos Passos and to SI for a truly fine article (*Old Hem Was a Sport*, June 29). Robert Cantwell is absolutely right in considering it "the best and simplest portrait of Ernest Hemingway in American literature, and one of the most brilliant and engaging of Dos Passos' works." As Publisher James wrote, "It is a beginning that cries for more!"

DAVID T. HANSON

Billings, Mont.

Sirs:

John Dos Passos' article induced in me a great feeling of nostalgia because I loved these days. Today's new, fast tuna fishermen with their towers can never capture that man-against-big-game-fish feeling that we enjoyed. For years the stuffed head of Ernest's fish hung in the old Captain's bar at Cat Cay, Bahamas Islands, probably because Cook, then manager of Cat Cay, hooked it aboard his own boat, *Cookie*. Dos Passos is mistaken when he says it was hooked by Hemingway. Cook hooked it around 10 in the morning and played it until about 3 in

the afternoon. Then, with hands bleeding, he gave in to Ernest who jumped aboard *Cookie* and took over the fight. I was in a launch off my own *Mosna* watching with several other fishboats, three to five miles offshore. I was so excited I forgot everything but the submachinegun. Until it got too dark and the sharks too close to the *Cookie*, I used it to keep them away from the fish. Then I had to quit for fear of a rioter killing someone. For this I was roundly cursed by Ernest.

Ernest never got the submachinegun from me at that time. It was not until he decided to not in the Spanish Civil War that I gave it to him as a going-away present. It had been given to me by Colonel Marcellus Thompson, the son of the inventor, so I was much attached to it. But a civil war is a civil war.

There are a couple of other things: there were no blondes aboard *Mosna*. My wife of 28 years, who was then my fiancée and whose hair was black, was aboard with her chaperone, Mrs. Dorsay, whose hair was red. She remembers Dos Passos as very charming, but we neither of us remember the lady called Katy. Also, Dos Passos never spent the night aboard (I was particular, too), and there never was any air conditioning on *Mosna*.

Thanks for making me look up old diaries. I found much more of Ernest in them to give me nostalgia, but pleasant nostalgia. I liked the man you call "Old Hem" very much indeed.

WILLIAM B. LEEDS

St. Thomas, V.I.

● Rather than inject our own two-bits' worth into the disparate recollections of two oldtimers, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* asked Dos Passos himself to reply to Mr. Leeds. His letter follows.—ED.

Sirs:

Memory is indeed tricky. There are two points on which I think Mr. Leeds's recollection is correct. It is quite possible that the fish was, as he says, hooked on some other man's boat and that Hemingway took it over in mid-battle. When I put down those recollections something between 10 and 15 years ago, I had, I am afraid, quite forgotten that detail.

Also, saying that the yacht *Mosna* was air conditioned was an anachronism. There was a very powerful ventilating system aboard that pumped air into the staterooms. For the rest I must disagree. Mr. Leeds really was kind enough to mist that my wife Katy and I spend the night.

I regret that my account of the incident seemed churlish to him. I was trying to reconstruct our state of mind in those rather enlivened years, and I am sorry that in so doing I gave the impression of not having appreciated his hospitality. Perhaps one of these days he will accept mine, so that we can match our memories of what was, after all, a rather extraordinary day.

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Westmoreland, Va.

DAY'S WORK

Sirs:

I suppose reader Mike Block (19th Hole, July 20) would love to have the World Series, all Sunday games, horse racing and Don McNell's *Breakfast Club* take place at night, as well as the All-Star Game, just to "give the working fan a break." It seems I've heard this song and dance before.

Forty years ago the working fan clamored for night baseball. He got it—more than he bargained for. This year there are more scheduled night games in the major leagues than ever before, and the number has been gradually increasing every year for the past several years. Houston and Los Angeles no longer cater specifically to the working fan, they now also include the picknicking fan, with a number of Saturday, and even Sunday, nighttime affairs.

The All-Star Game represents the best baseball has to offer, and this includes day-time play. The so-called working fan has ruined one tradition of our national pastime. Let's not let him ruin another.

TERRY KOCKA

Berwyn, Ill.

BEASTLY

Sirs:

The pictures of Walter O'Malley with all those animals he shot was too much for me. (*Walter Hunts in Earnest*, July 20). How can such wanton killing be called sport? The Dodgers have lost one of their longtime fans: me.

CHARLES G. BENNETT

St. Regis, Mont.

Sirs:

A man with a modern high-powered rifle and plenty of people to beat the bush for him isn't really a great hunter. His prey has a minuscule chance to escape.

Show me a man with a bow and arrow, one who has to stalk his game and match wits with the animal in its natural habitat, and I'll show you a true sportsman!

BILL SCHWABE

Arlington, Va.

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

How gratifying and wonderful it would be to see the picture in reverse—the humer flat on his back, and the "trophy" seated on him with a triumphant smirk on its face!

J. C. RHOADS

Portland, Ore.

ANGELIC

Sirs,

In your article on the Angels moving to Anaheim (Call Them Markie's Mier, July 20), you quote Walter O'Malley as saying that if the Angels would get some hallplayers like Drysdale, Wills and Koufax, they would have no more attendance problems.

Well, it just so happens that in their brief four-year existence the Angels have had a pitcher better than Don Drysdale (Dean Chance) and a shortstop better than Maury Wills (Elli Fregosi), while a third player (Ho Belinsky) gets them just as much publicity as Sandy Koufax gets for the Dodgers.

The problem is the attitude of the people of Los Angeles. When the Dodgers do something weird on the field, the people call it "wild, wacky and wonderful," but when the Angels do the same thing, they call it "insane-schism." Los Angeles just doesn't like the Angels.

MARK FISHER

Gardena, Calif.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on the proposed Angel move to Anaheim. However, I don't see why the American League owners are worried about what city name should precede the Angel nickname. I think it is very simple, continue to call them the Los Angeles Angels. After all, the Yankees play in The Bronx and the Mets make their home in Flushing, but they are both New York teams. I am from the Anaheim area, and I certainly don't mind my heroes remaining the Los Angeles Angels.

PRINCE JAMES CARNETT, USA

Fort Belvoir, Ga.

DAME SHIRLEY

Sirs:

Your story on Shirley MacLaine (*One Dame Bears Another*, July 20) indicates that your whole staff needs the cool, autumn breezes of the football season to sober them up. Please stay with sports.

ROBERT GALLAGHER

Toledo

Sirs:

I thought your cover was most appropriate. Why shouldn't Shirley MacLaine gallop 99 yards against Notre Dame? Everybody else has been doing the same thing for the last 10 years!

NEELSON H. SOUTHERBY

Lutherville, Md.

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